

Smash HITS



W H A M !

MADONNA NEW ORDER | DEPECHE MODE

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES | TOM BAILEY

HIT SONGS BY HOWARD JONES, MARILLION, LIMAHL AND LOTS MORE



LIMAH!  SMASH HITS

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NEW ORDER — 40/41
Four sensitive souls in search of the meaning of life or just another bunch of kids?



BILLY JOEL — 47
Over here, he says, people think he's another Barry Manilow. He's not so sure.

WHAMI — 8/8/10
Sensational Miami package tour! Miles of sun-kissed beaches, full board and lodging, girls galore and Neil Tennant!



ROY HAY — 15
Yes YOU can make your locks a whole lot longer! A Hair Care Special!

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COVER: WHAMI BY CHRIS CRANNA



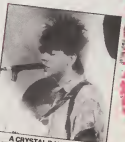
SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES — 56/57

Siouxsie wants to jump out of windows. Robert Smith thinks a fern on tour. Steve Severin thinks he's Vincent Price's son. Budgie says the band's a "mental family". Are they? Have a look.



MADONNA — 22/23

Just when she thought it was safe to release another record, we unleash the most terrifying interrogation since Family Fortunes... the O&A!



A CRYSTAL DAY — 54/55
Bikes, bananas, boots, bugles, Bunnymen and lots of other things beginning with B. Liverpool goes loony.



DEPECHE MODE — 22/23
Four men and a snood.



"Ken is one of the most sensible people in Britain," announces Morrissey of The Smiths, "and I agree with almost everything he says." The Ken in question is Greater London Council leader Ken Livingstone (him in the corduroy jacket). Ken, The Smiths and Mari Wilson have teamed up along with a host of others (including Billy Bragg and Misty In Roots) for a festival called Jobs For A Change. It's on Sunday, June 10 end it's all in aid of finding work for unemployed Londoners. Apart from free concerts by all the above, there'll be free boat trips, film shows and exhibitions going on all over London's South Bank. Meanwhile, Mr Livingstone has also made a flaxi-disc with The Flying Pickets to publicise the event. This'll be being given away shortly.



An Inmate of an Egyptian mental hospital? Or just old Marc Almond? 'Tis the latter, we suspect, returning with a single accurately entitled "The Boy Came Back". He's off to Bavaria in June to record an album with his new group The Sinners. Expect a UK tour in September.

START



Die Toten Hosen is German for The Dead Trousters. It's also the name of Germany's premier punk band. From Dusseldorf, they do indeed wear the worst trousers this side of the St Andrews Golf Club and have recently miffed their hardcore following by making, of all things, a rap record with New Yorker Fab Five Freddy. Then again they have made this issue's Single Of The Fortnight so they can't be all that bad.



Bleached Baron Numan buzzed into the Royal Navy Air base in Yeovilton to open the local Fleet Air Arm's museum "aerojumble". This, one imagines, is an event where lots of old ladies elbow each other out of the way to buy old aeroplane parts in aid of some worthy charity. Whatever, while there Gaza had a sit in the Red Baron's infamous triplane and generally reminisced about the good old days of World War One. A rum cove, Gary.

MUTTERINGS

Photo: [unreadable]



Here (left) we (right) and (center) (left) (right) (center)

The shape of things to come. Levis are thinking of reintroducing flared jeans . . . Billy Joel's neighbours are trying to have him kicked out of his luxury New York apartment. "He's one of the worst tenants we've ever had," muttered an angry resident. "When he was practising for his tour you could hear the sound of his electric piano and drums through the elevator shaft. Dreadful." . . . Romantically linked. **Steve Strange** and **Therese Bazar**, she once of Dollar. "She's fantastic," muttered Strange, who has a new Visage single out soon. "He's great," murmured Therese, who begins work on her first solo LP in June . . . By the way, **Steve Strange's Creative Workforce** (him and a bunch of talented mates who "style" things for money) did the choreography for that new Persil ad. . . . Speaking of ads, an American Honda commercial featuring **Adam Ant** and **Grace Jones** has been banned by US TV bosses for being "too sexy". Ms Jones tries to get Adam to buy a bike, whispering "But Adam, it's so sexy." He replies: "I'll take it." She then bites his ear, muttering: "And I'll take you." An American TV executive muttered: "It just didn't seem too suitable for family viewing." . . . **Adam's US stage show** sounds pretty sleazy too. He takes most of his clothes off, hops in a tank of water, hops out again, then removes everything else except a pair of shorts . . . **onesmansa**. At a recent **Howard Jones** show in Toronto, 75 swooning fans had to be carried out unconscious . . . Everything but **The Girl** recently turned down a chance to appear on **QOTY**. Why? Couldn't they be bothered? No, they're recently doing their university exams. . . . Sick boy, **Stuart Adamson** of **Big Country** suffering from nervous exhaustion after their tours of Japan and the US. . . . **Duran**

Duran got a bit of a hammering from **The Sun** this fortnight on the shape of a drugs and debauchery "exposé" by so-called "former minder" **Al Beard**. **John Taylor** rang up **Mutterings** and said: "This guy never worked with the group. We certainly wouldn't want any of our fans to follow what was said in that article. This band doesn't and would never endorse the use of drugs. Believe me, the idea of **le Bon** going on stage in a stupor frightens me as much as anyone. Also, they said I used to go out with **Kim Wilde**. I've only ever spoken to the girl three times in my life." The whole scandal, of course, has nothing to do with the fact that **Duran** won't grant **The Sun** an interview . . . **Green** of **Scritti Politti** will be modelling expensive Italian designer **Gianni Versace's** winter collection in **Italian Vogue** . . . **Bavaria** seems to be the place to be. **Queen**, **Spandau Ballet**, **Bourgie Bourgie** and **Marc Almond** have all recently been recording there. . . . **Helen Terry** got burgled the other week. The villain stole into Ms Terry's new north London flat while she was asleep and swiped her video, stereo, TV and a precious "Colour By Numbers" platinum disc. . . . **Sting** currently in Hollywood working on a re-make of the **Frankenstein** story. He plays the doctor. His **Dune** film hits the screens soon. . . . **Teing** the knot. **Pretender Chrissie Hynde** — until recently living with **Kink Ray Davies**, with whom she has an 18-month-old daughter — and **Simple Mind Jim Kerr** have just got married. He can't stop talking about her and shows his wedding ring to everyone he meets. She, like that other recently wed star **Annie Lennox**, is apparently flirting with the **Here Krishna** crowd. . . . **Spotted**. **Mika Read** in **Oxford Circus** tube wearing a loud Hawaiana shirt and carrying a guitar which he looked like he was about to play. **Passers-by** were pretending not to notice

and tearing off quick. Don't do it again. **Derek Chinnery**, controller of **Radio 1**, has banned "The Dark Streets Of London" by folk group **Pogue Mahone** from daytime airplay. Why? What's wrong with it? Well, in Irish slang **pogue mahone** apparently means "kiss my arse". . . . So why no **Human League** interviews? "Music lasts forever, a face doesn't," **Philip Oakey** told **David Jensen**. "You see a face for a year, you're happy about it then. **Adam Ant** is forgotten because when you put his records on you see his face, you've seen it before and it's boring." . . . The next **Blancmange** single is a cover of

an unique (re)be was "considerably reduced". Estimates of the damage range from £5-10,000. The whole suite had to be completely re-furnished before the next occupant, **Rod Stewart**, could move in. . . . Romantically linked. **Eartha Kitt** and **Steve Grant** (he once of **Tight Fit**). She's 55, he's 24. . . . **Michael Jackson** appeared recently on a platform with **Ronald Reagan** to launch a campaign against drunken driving. "Beet It" is to be the campaign song. . . . **Jackson two**. 'Tis muttered that he and **Mick Jagger** have made a record together called "Stats Of Shock". They'll both be starring in the



Adam Ant in at the deep end (before removing leg-warmers)

Abba's "The Day Before You Came", **Abba's Agnetha** and **Frida** may be appearing in the video. . . . **Culture Club** may be endorsing **Babe Ruth** chocolate bars in the US. This means that all the wrappers will have pics of George on them. . . . **Imagination** are apparently well chuffed about appearing on the **Prince's Trust** thingie. "I've designed special see-through zoot suits for the occasion," **Leae** muttered. . . . **Cocteau Twin Elizabeth Fraser** is apparently so nervous she wouldn't even go to the bar of her local and order a **hem sandwich**. . . . **Nena's** sister is called **Nana**. She's probably also got a brother called **Nino** or something. . . . At **Montreux**, while filming with about 30 other groups including **D'rain** and **Spandau**, **Madness** and **UB40** held a wild shindig in the **Palace Hotel**. Furniture and stereo equipment were thrown from windows, holes were burnt in the carpet and the value of an

video for it. . . . **Jackson three**. **MJ** recently applied to **NASA** (the American space agency) for permission to film a video in outer space. They turned him down.





A MAN IN MY SHOES
RUNS A LIGHT
& ALL THE PAPERS LIE TONIGHT
BUT FALLING OVER YOU
IS THE NEWS OF THE DAY
ANGELS FALL LIKE RAIN
AND LOVE
IS ALL OF HEAVEN AWAY

CHORUS

INSIDE YOU THE TIME MOVES
& SHE DON'T FADE
THE GHOST IN YOU

SHE DON'T FADE
INSIDE YOU THE TIME MOVES
& SHE DON'T FADE

A RACE IS ON
I'M ON YOUR SIDE
& HERE IN YOU MY ENGINES DIE
I'M IN A MUD FOR YOU
OR RUNNING AWAY
STARS COME DOWN IN YOU
AND LOVE
YOU CAN'T GIVE IT AWAY

REPEAT CHORUS

DON'T YOU GO
IT MAKES NO SENSE
WHEN ALL YOU'RE TALK
AND SUPERMEN
JUST TAKE AWAY THE TIME
& GET IN THE WAY
AIN'T IT JUST LIKE RAIN
AND LOVE
IS ONLY HEAVEN AWAY

REPEAT CHORUS
TO FADE

LYRICS REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION
CBS SONGS

● THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS ●
○ NEW SINGLE ○ ● THE
GHOST IN YOU ●

FOR THE FIRST TIME ★
WITH NEW MIXES ★ WHICH
INCLUDES THE HIT SINGLES ★
HEAVEN ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS ★
THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS ★
THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS ★

TERRI WELLS



I'LL BE AROUND

THIS IS OUR HOME IN A ROOM
LOVE LIES EVER SO LOW
THERE'S NOWHERE TO GO ON NO
YOU MADE A CHOICE
NOW IT'S UP TO ME
TO BOW DOWN GRACEFULLY
THOUGH YOU HOLD THE KEY
BUT BABY

CHORUS

WHENEVER YOU CALL ME I'LL BE THERE
WHENEVER YOU NEED ME I'LL BE THERE
WHENEVER YOU NEED ME I'LL BE THERE
I'LL BE AROUND

I KNEW JUST WHAT TO SAY
NOW I'VE FOUND OUT TODAY
THOUGH THE WORDS
HAVE SLIPPED AWAY
THAT I KNOW THERE'S
ALWAYS ONE CHANCE
A TINY SPARK WILL REMAIN
AND SPARKS TURN INTO FLAMES
AND LOVE CAN BURN ONCE AGAIN
I KNOW YOU KNOW

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

I'LL BE AROUND
WHENEVER YOU CALL ME
FOR ME (HEAR-HEAR) YOU OH
I'LL BE AROUND
WHENEVER YOU WANT ME
DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE BABY
I'LL BE AROUND
WHENEVER YOU NEED ME
HAVE NO NEED TO FEAR NO NO NO
I'LL BE AROUND BABY BELIEVE ME
I'LL ALWAYS BE HERE
WHENEVER YOU CALL ME I'LL BE THERE
O-O-H
WHENEVER YOU WANT ME I'LL BE THERE
WHEN YOU WANT ME
WHENEVER YOU NEED ME I'LL BE THERE
WHENEVER YOU NEED ME BABY
I'LL BE AROUND
HEY HEY
WHENEVER YOU CALL ME
JUST PICK UP THE TELEPHONE
WHENEVER YOU WANT ME
WHEN YOU WANT ME

WORDS & MUSIC BELL/HURT
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION MIGHTY
THREE-CARLIN MUSIC CORP.
ON PHILLY WORLD/LONDON RECORDS

HOWARD JONES

*And the fear goes on shadows
And the tear flows on for nothing
And the fear goes on shadows
And the tear flows on for nothing*

*Under his nose was a dream come true
Been there all the time and he almost knew*

*And the fear goes on shadows
And the tear flows on for nothing
And the fear goes on shadows
And the tear flows on for nothing*

*Under his nose was a dream come true
Been there all the time and he almost knew
Thoughts of people in misfortune
Stepped him doing things well
His duty was to use it
Left his pearl in the shell*

*And the fear goes on shadows
And the tear flows on for nothing
And the fear goes on shadows
And the tear flows on
And on and on and on and on*

*And the fear goes on shadows
And the tear flows on
And on and on and on and on
Repeat to fade*

Words & music Jones
Reproduced by permission
Warner Bros Music
On WEA Records

PEARL IN THE SHELL



THE BEACH BOYS

A sun-soaked story of sea, sand, shorts, shuttlecocks and snogging. Yes, Wham! are back. Your travel guide in Miami: Neil Tennant.



Photo: Chris Claydon

A hot and humid Spring afternoon in Miami. Here, in one of America's favourite holiday cities, George Michael lounges, clad only in a white bathrobe, on a bed shimmering with red satin sheets. Sunlight streams through the blinds, streaking the walls of the room. Standing at the dressing-table is a fair-haired young girl, also in a white bathrobe. George stares at her and smiles warmly. She walks over to the bed. They fall into each other's arms and kiss.

"Cut! That's great!"
For here in Miami, George is, of course, making a video for his solo single, "Careless Whispers", due for release in July. I've been

here for a couple of days, watching the filming of several scenes, most of which seem to involve George being in close physical contact with two models, Lisa and Madeleine, who are playing his girlfriends.

A ridiculously tanned Andrew Ridgeley is also here having a holiday with their friend David Austin (whose first solo single, "Turn To Gold", was produced by George); so are George's sisters, Yvonda and Mel, and Wham!'s manager Simon Napier-Bell. All present and correct? Let's get back to the filming.

"I hope you realise, George, that

that haircut cost you £10,000," announces Simon Napier-Bell. The whole of the first day's shooting has been scrapped because George wasn't happy with his hair.

"I looked like Shirley Bassey," he mutters to me and the budget for the video goes up to £47,000. Luckily his sister Mel is a hairdresser and able to trim his hair to his liking. George admits to being a perfectionist and both of Wham! seem to have grown up over the last year. Without being prima donnas, they now get what they want, even if it costs them money.

The plot for this video is simple: "Basically a glamorous

version of something that happened to me," explains George. He's supposed to be in Miami with his girlfriend, played by Lisa, when he gets tempted away by an older woman, played by Madeleine. His girlfriend finds out about the fling and leaves him (rather dramatically in a seaplane) as does the older woman. George is left alone. There are scenes of he and Lisa canoodling by the sea and in the bedroom, and he and Madeleine intertwined on a yacht. All rather sexy and glamorous, isn't it, George?

"This video is, definitely," he admits but draws a distinction between the sexiness of this, his



sole project, and Wham!'s sun, sand and shorts image. "One of the differences between Wham-'sexy and 'Careless Whisper'-sexy is that 'Careless Whispers'-sexy is—"

"Adult!" interjects Andrew. "Straight-faced," continues George. "I think brilliant being overly sexy, 'cause it irritates the hell out of everyone who doesn't like you and all the girls love it—right?"—end all the blokes who like you think it's a laugh."

Hence those shuttlecocks on the Wham! tour last year. I didn't get to any of their shows but I heard numerous reports of how George and Andrew were stuffing shuttlecocks under their shorts and then bashing them out into the audience.

"People really got offended by that," laughs George. "It was one of the highlights of the show. Because we'd been playing badminton when we were trying to get fit for the tour, we decided we'd play it on stage end after a while just whack one out to the crowd. But, because of the stage lights, we couldn't see where the shuttlecock was so we decided to do something else. Andrew did his thrae and I did my three and it ended up with the last one being me putting it down my shorts—which usually got a really brilliant reaction!"

Andrew: "It was shockingly cheeky!"

George: "But the number of people who got offendad was amazing! You should have seen the reactions of the crowd when we did those parts: all the girls screamed and all the blokes laughed which was exactly what we wanted. They've probably got the same mentality as us anyway and think, well, I was up there being screamed at, I'd make the most of it as well. I find that much less offensive than the idea of someone just stending thara end absorbing the screams."

"You're in a position where everything you do gets screamed at, so you just parody that," adds Andrew. "The wiggle of the hips, the wink, everything. That's the only time when we act the part of pop stars—when we're on stage. If you start acting like a pop star in this sort of context," he says, looking round the smart hotel restaurant we're sitting in, "that's the beginning of the end."

But aren't you overdoing the glamour element with this video, when the "Club Tropicana" video was shot in another fareway, sunny location?

George: "It's just a form of escapism where people love. I think we did our little bit of social stuff with 'Wham! Rap,' simply because that was our situation at the time. Now there's no point in pretending that I don't have everything I want, so I'm going to provide people with some escapism. The 'Wake Me Up Before You Go Go' video will be escapist in a more down-to-earth way."

And it's now been filmed in Britain.

"I take my pleasure-seeking very

seriously," says Andrew with a lezy grin over a breakfast of tropical fruit. The previous night he and David Austin had driven up to Fort Lauderdale in a hired car to sample some of the local nightlife. There's a four-mile, neon-lit strip there which the local youth cruises. Andrew was very impressed.

"What a place! The road is absolutely peckad, with four or five people to a car, the pavements are peckad end so are the clubs and bars. There's got to be 20 to 30 thousand kids thara! A lot of girls end all the guys are on the make. It's absolutely amazing! We're going up there again tonight."

which held us for a long time in a situation where we made very little money," explains George, precising. "There was no point in carrying on having more hit singles which was making us bigger, success-wisa, and more ridiculous financially."

The two wera closely involved in the day-to-day legalities, having meetings with solicitors and QCs who'd afterwards ask them for autographs for their children.

"The sessions were really complicated," says Andrew, "having to go through every different perspective on a certain situation and analyse it." "Didn't you worry about being

Andrew saying that the song which will be their Christmas single "sands a tingla up my spine". In July George's solo single will be released, after which they'll go to the South of France to record the second Wham! LP in six weeks, then come home to organise a tour. There'll be a new single in September, the LP in October and then they'll play 15 "large detes", including Wembley Arena on December 23, 24 and 26 — by which time that tingling Christmas single will be out. If all goes according to plan they'll have cracked America by then. And that seems to be important to them.

After George has finished shooting a scene in a panthouse flat overlooking the night lights of Miami, he tells me how aware he is that Wham! are the only group among their contemporaries not to have had a hit in America yet. "There's no reason not to this year," he says.

Last year "Bad Boys" began to climb up the American charts until CBS, their American record company, got cold feet on hearing of the

Wham! Innersision legal battle. Now, he feels, they've got "metarial" mora suited to America, in that it won't be labelled "disco". Simon Napier-Ball seems es confident es George. "It just takes careful plening and 100-par-cent confidence from everyone involved. We've got that confidence," he claims with the manner of a man who has lunched long and hard with American record company executives. Time will tell.

Lisa, the young American modal in the video, has developed a crush on George. She watches him filming little shots, wide-eyed and lip-synching along with "Careless Whispers". She's very excited about being in the video end thinks that everything is "neet". "Are you Graek?" she asks Yloda. "That's neet." It sha is anything to go by, than American teenagers will fell for Wham! in droves.

While she end George are filming their bedroom scene, Andrew is to be found in the sea at Miami Beach, singing "On Broadway" with David Austin at the top of his voice. "This is my first reel holiday for ages," he says end is obviously enjoying it. "Wham! know they are lucky to be able to mix business end pleasure in this way."

"It's like a dream," says George the next dey, es Andrew nods in agreement. "I regularly sit back and think, God! I can't believe what I'm doing. I can't believe that I can do what I want at my age. This has got to be one of the only businesses in the world where that can happen so quickly. Suddenly you're in a position where you have es much money as you need, you feel secure, and you have no one to enswar to. It's absolutely brilliant! What better job could you have than that?"

And that is a difficult question to answer.



Photo: Chris Craymer

Andrew (standing) and George topping up those permanent tans.

He lugs at the prospect until I bring the conversation back to business. Why has there been such a long gap between their last official single, "Club Tropicana" end the new single? What have he and George been doing?

"We've been in court, Neil. You know exactly what we've been doing!"

George and Andrew have finally concluded a long legal battle to be released from their contract with Innersision Records and have now signed to Epic Records. What was wrong about the Innersision deal? "It was a very bad contract

out of the public eye for so long?

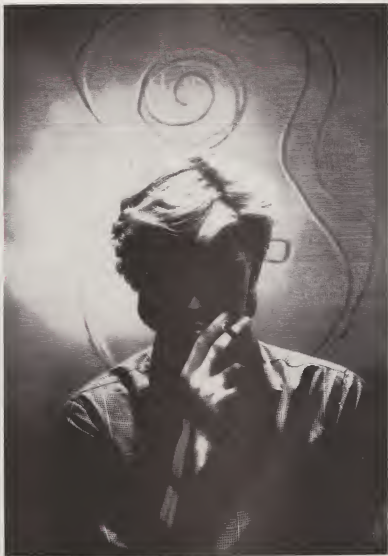
"Well, we had the tour," George reminds me. "But I think May is about as long as we could have left the single for. I think if we'd left it for another three or four months we'd be up the creek. We're lucky that nothing really new has happened. We hated the fact that we had to take the break but we spent the time concentrating on the tour end then the last part of this year I concentrated on writing end we planned everything out for the next year."

Down to the last detail it seems. The next two Wham! singles are already written,

DAVID SYLVIAN · RED GUITAR

"I recognise no method of living that I know.
I see only the basic materials I may use"

A RED GUITAR B FORBIDDEN COLOURS (RE-RECORDED VERSION)



SEVEN INCH · FULL LENGTH VERSION TWELVE INCH

Virgin

V5633-12 · 45 · STEREO

STOUXSE ^{and} THE BANSHEES



DAZZLE

STOUXSE AND THE BANSHEES NEW SINGLE
OUT NOW ON 7" AND 12" SHE 7 AND SHE X7

12" FEATURES 7 MINS PLUS GIANGUR MIX OF DAZZLE WITH BONUS TRACK



MORRISSEY (OF THE SMITHS)

NAME: Just put Morrissey.
BORN: 22.5.59 in Manchester
NICKNAMES AT SCHOOL: I'm afraid I was deprived of a nickname. And what did my parents call me? Steven of course, with a v not a ph, please.
WHAT WAS THE BEST EXCUSE YOU USED TO GET OFF P.E.? I never wanted to get off P.E.—it was the only intellectual subject in school. But I did used to get off all the other subjects. I just used to be constantly ill—general manic depression mainly. I didn't need notes or anything. They just had to take one look at me and



Photo: Andrew Cunniff

PERSONAL FILE

that was enough.

FIRST CRUSH: I'm waiting for that to happen.

FAVOURITE TEACHER: That's absurd. I never had one.

WHAT DID YOU SAY IN YOUR FIRST FAN LETTER TO SANDIE SHAW? Well, it was incredibly well written and incredibly intelligent, quite short and blunt and to the point—I adore you and when can we marry? Of course there was no reply.

WHAT WAS YOUR FIRST MEETING LIKE? First contact was arranged by a mutual friend. I was shuffled round to her flat and there she was in pyjamas, holding her baby. It was very romantic. To me it was like a candlelit dinner. What do I think of her? I think she'll do. Our relationship is

terribly private. In the press she tries to play it down, makes me out to be a deranged schoolboy. But in private I'm more like the deranged teacher.

FAVOURITE THOMPSON TWINS RECORD: Is it possible to have one? Well, if I'm horribly tortured and flogged to admit it... I think I'd rather face further flogging.
FIRST RECORD BOUGHT: "Come Stay With Me" by Marianne Faithfull in 1965. I demanded this record from my parents. Of course we were too poor so I had to go into hibernation for weeks until I got it.

DID YOU ARGUE WITH YOUR PARENTS? Incessantly. It was the only real basis of our relationship. I couldn't think of anything else to do with them. What do they do for a living? Very respectable and interesting jobs, but nothing worthy of being in your illustrious paper.

WHAT WERE YOU LIKE AS AN

ADOLESCENT? I never had one, went straight from six to 45. Quite depressing really. I missed out on all those things like discos at Christmas. I suppose I've now regressed, but I wouldn't call it a second childhood, because it's my first.

FIRST SONG WRITTEN: Shameful... I can't remember. No, to be perfectly honest I can remember but I don't want to tell you. Oh, it was so woeful. It was about bringing flowers to some maiden on a hillside. I was only six, but that's no excuse.

TELL US A SECRET: Why should I? Oh, alright then. Let me think. I want to think of something so scathing you won't possibly be able to print it. Oh God! Well, I do have a mad yearning passion for Viv Nicholson, a ray of genius who won the then record amount (£100,000) on the pools. She's on our next single cover. Oh and another secret is that I buy my underwear from Marks & Spencers.

WHERE DO YOU BUY YOUR SHIRTS? From Evans the ladies outside shop in Kensington High Street. They treat me like royalty now because lots of depraved Smiths fans go in there.

HAVE YOU EVER PLACED A LONELY HEARTS AD? Yes, it said "I'm dying of loneliness and need to be rescued else I'll sink into obscurity," which I did. I also put that I was mad, ugly, spotty and totally odorous. No reply.

DO YOU SUNBATHE ON HOLIDAY? Yes! I love to do it, but I rarely go on holiday. I sunbathed once on a huge beach in America. I was eaten alive, inch by inch by giant insects.

DO YOU GET HAYFEVER? No.



SMALLTOWN BOY

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DAY TO REMEMBER

“ I got up about 10.00am and had a cup of tea. If I've got time and Alison is feeling particularly kind then I have a nice cooked breakfast but that morning I just had a cup of tea.

Then I drove into town from my house in Essex. I have an old Jaguar and it takes about an hour. About 12.00 I met the guys at Normis studios where we were writing stuff for the new album. We tend to write mainly from ideas of George's. He comes in and sings a bit and says "this is an idea I've got". Then I interpret it musically with Jon and Mikey and we just play around with it for a long while. Quite often the songs come out completely differently from the way George imagined them. Sometimes though the three of us will have had an idea when George wasn't there and he'll either say "that's good" or "that doesn't inspire me — what do you think you're doing?"

On the last album we reckoned we argued for about five weeks and wrote it all in about five days. That's the normal process. This new one hasn't been too bad. I'm very pleased with the new songs actually.

Anyway, after loads of interruptions — the phone's always going and George is always zipping in and out and buzzing around — we finished around 5.00. I had a snack in the local deli and then went on down to Antenna, the hairdressers. We'd booked the appointment beforehand. I basically just wanted something more noticeable. I suppose, I felt I was beginning to look a bit boring and I needed to have something groovy done. George had phoned up Tim, his friend there, and arranged for me to go down and have it done. We usually go in the evenings because it's easier than going in the day — no-one about.

Obviously the hair extension thing is a good idea and as I used to be a hairdresser I interested me a lot. We toyed around with the idea of having it all done but we thought no, that's going to look too feminine. I didn't want to be like an androgynous pop star, just have something that was nice to look at and still male. More Viking than feminine. So we went for it braided down the side with the hair long at the back but still keeping it quite short on top.

BEFORE: "Beginning to look a bit boring"



ROY HAY I "THE DAY I HAD MY HAIR DONE"

AFTER: "More Viking than feminine"



It was quite painful having them put in actually. It feels so strange. It's heavy for a start, very heavy. And then you've got the tension of the braids against your head which pulls your skin all the time. The first couple of days you have a real headache. While they were doing it I was sitting there going: oh God, am I doing the right thing? How is this going to affect my life? But I was pleased with how it looked. And then George came down and he thought it was great too.

It only took about two hours. They were very quick. When I was a hairdresser building used to take me ages. It cost about £100, I think. It was finished around 8.00 or 9.00 and I drove off to meet Alison. You know what it's like when you've got a new haircut: all the way I was sort of flicking it, looking at myself in the rear view mirror. Alison was round at a friend's flat with her brother and some other people. None of them had been really sure about it and they were waiting for my arrival. But when I strolled in, after the initial laughter, they all decided they liked it. In fact Alison liked it so much she went back and had hers done.

I don't think Mikey and Jon were too keen on it to start off with but then they got used to it. It was funny how many people thought it was my hair. Especially abroad. In Japan, hair that grows quickly is supposed to be a sign of intelligence and virility. At first I felt like a bit of a freak. It was quite funny going into places like restaurants and having the manager come over to have a word in my ear. It was fun actually. And I discovered I could always put it inside my jumper if it really came to that.

I've had to go back twice since then. Because it's not real hair it tends to get dirty. You can't really wash it and it gets matted. It also breaks loose and the odd one comes out leaving it looking a bit... depleted.

I was really happy I had it done in the end but it's time for a new one now. I'm not sure what it's going to be but my hair is quite long now under the extensions so there's plenty that can be done with it to make it look more interesting, probably with some colour. By the time this article comes out I should have a new hairstyle.

SMEGGY (KING KURT): THE FIVE WORST HAIRCUTS EVER



The Wedge. I know, those 'orrible things. It's just a square haircut, innit? Like a basin cut. Horrible and revolting. Nances wear them. Nances follow groups like ABC.

Bay George's. It's just a load of ropes hanging out of his head. Probably are real ropes as well. Probably unclips them all when he gets home. Oh, and those other horrible things that people

get done. Those dreadlocks. It's just stupid, innit?

Skinny Mohicans. I hate those horrible Mohicans that are just like a couple of spikes in the middle. They look like hils of newspaper stranded up and stuck in the middle of your head. Some people have good mohicans, the thick ones and the ones that are a bit wider are alright. But I just hate those little squiggly things — they remind me of Talbot motor cars.

Howard Jones'. It's a wimp's haircut. Basically it's just a girl's haircut, innit? I mean, God How can be ponce about with that on his head? It looks like a clippin' backcombed carpet that's had a bit of dirt trodden into it. He's probably been practising scraping it all forward for the past 30 years.

Politicians tend to have pretty good haircuts. Ronald Reagan's is good. I like the way it's all sort of smeared down and pointed on. It's probably made of filthgrass or something. Michael Foot has a good haircut too, but he's a bit of a leftie.

Depeche Mode have just got back from a European tour and are now hard at work on material for their fourth album. When they're finished that, they'll be touring in the autumn. Dates (p. 55) has the details, of course.

Not only does **Limahl** have his new single out, the clever chap also now has an LP ready. The title is "Don't Suppose" and the estimated time of arrival for it is somewhere around the end of June. In the meantime, Limahl seems to have been doing astonishingly well in places like Germany, Australia and Japan.

THOMPSON TWINS: READERS Q&A

Ever wanted to ask the Thompson Twins anything? Something serious. Something a bit daft. Something a little bit cheeky. Something so earth-shatteringly important it could change the entire course of history. Anything at all? Well NOW — loud drumming, tanfazes, etc — YOU CAN. We'd like to declare the **Thompson Twins Readers' Q&A** officially open. For your question (one only) on a postcard or the back of an envelope — write either 'Tom Bailey', 'Alannah Currie' or 'Joe Leeway' at the top, depending on who it's directed to — and aim it at Thompson Twins Q&A, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby St, London W1V 1PF a hit swiftly. We'll pick the best and they'll come up with the answers. Watch this space.

OH, CUT IT OUT!



James Cuts (above) is the hairdresser responsible for many a legendary Ian Birch hairstyle. He's also got a single, "Sexy You", out on wiggly Belgian label Les Disques Du Crepuscule. The crew on the song includes **Kate Hays** and former Associate **Alex Rankine**.

FAN CLUBS

(enclose an S.A.E.)

Limahl
PO Box 28W
London W1A 2BW

Nik Kershaw
60 Ros Hielwood
45 Kerraidge Court
Balls Pond Road
London N1



The Bluebells (left to right): Ken Robert and David.

The **Bluebells** (above) are about to embark on a nationwide tour — any minute now. The details are in Dates. They've also got an album ready. It's called "Sisters" and it lands in the shops on June 18.

The **Prelanders**, whose **Christie Hynde** has just married **Jim Kerr**, have a new single, "Thin Line Between Love And Hate". They're also just about to buzz off to Stockholm to make their next LP.

Nick Cave, he once of **The Birthday Party**, has just released a solo LP called "From Her To Eternity". Doubtless rather wiggly, it features a hocking band full of chops from **Einsturzung Neubauten**, needless to say. If we're very lucky, they may even be playing some gigs soon.

WOMACK, WOMACK, WOMACK, WOMACK ETC

"When we first met, Linda was about seven and I was about 13," remembers gently-spoken Cecil **Womack & Womack**, a duo whose sweetly soulful "Love Wars" has been climbing the charts. Now, he's 36 and she's 31. Then, she was Linda Cooke, daughter of legendary r'n'b singer and writer Sam Cooke. Cecil had been in The Womack Brothers — another of those singing families — since the age of four and had arrived at Sam Cooke's studio to record.

"Linda came in while we were rehearsing and began talking away about her school and stuff." "Oh, I could talk," Linda laughs. "Cecil was really quiet, but we got to talking and we haven't stopped since!"

Harry Womack died some years ago and the Brothers — by now called The Valentines — "kind of disbanded". Bohly went on to become a solo soul star, Curtis became a producer, Friendly took over the family's business side and Cecil began writing songs with Linda.

It was an incredibly successful partnership, reinforced when the pair, who'd been dating since they were teenagers, got married in 1975. They now have six children — the oldest is 15, the youngest only four weeks — all of whom travel with them. Cecil's mother Naomi comes too to look after them. Linda and Cecil's first joint song and first big success was "I'm In Love" for Wilson Pickett in 1967. Since then they've written hits for Millie Jackson, Blondie, Chaka Khan, Teddy Pendergrass and just about every soul singer you care to name.

But eventually they got fed up with artists always wanting the same kind of material. The only way to write the songs they wanted to was to record them themselves. They did. The "Love Wars" LP came out last year and was very successful, and they're not in the least surprised to have a British hit.

"Here it's always been more open than in the US," Cecil remarks approvingly. "The Womack family are staying here for a while. They're playing concerts at London's Dominion on June 10 and 11, and they're going to be writing "some things with English artists", though they can't say who yet. "A person has to be game to try us," is all Cecil will say.



BIZ

Howard Jones' new single, "Pearl In The Shell" which is of course a track from the "Hudson's Lab" LP, features a previously unreleased track on the B side. It's called "Law Of The Jungle" and was recorded in the undoubtedly lawless and jungle atmosphere of Howie's High Wycombe front room.

CHINESE ROCKS



"One More Chance" is the title of the new single by **Zingari**, the five-piece group fronted by the three Wom sisters. You might have seen them in *Start* a while back, or then again when they played support to **Imagination** last winter.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Bob Dylan 40 (1942)
Paul Waller - *The Style Council* LP (1981)
Dave Lee Travis 40 (1942)
Suzanne 39 (1943)
Steve Strange - *Club May* LP (1981)
Francis Rossi - *Status Quo* (1968)
Ron Wood - *The Rolling Stones* LP (1964)
Alan Wilder - *Depeche Mode* (1981)
Tony Hadley - *Spondaw Ballet* (1981)

Cliff Had Stewart seems to be back in action. Not only does he have a single out, "Infatuation", but he's also got an album ready. That's called "Camouflage".

Feeling a bit parched for your music? You know that empty feeling when you can positively wolf down a few songs and they still leave room for a couple of LP re-mixes? Well, we know what it's like. Sado-K-Tel who's just so happens, have out a new 30 track double LP compilation in full of stuff by **Wik Korshaw, Sade, Matt Bianco, Depeche Mode, Captain Sensible, King Kurt, Break Machine, Shannon, Sandie Shaw** and about a hundred others. That list for the ears is entitled "Hungry For Hits" and we leave it to you to have a whole 20 or so ready to satisfy any starving folk. Here comes a question.

"I left in her ugly work as an anagram of a starring song. What song and what group? Answers on a postcard or the back of an envelope to **Smash Hits Hungry Hits Competition**, 52-54 Canby Street, London W1V 1PP to arrive no later than June 6. Chew on that gas.



So there was **Mulligan** of **Fashion** the other week, busy working on a computer lighting system with his trusty soldering iron when... *kapow!* The result? Minor burns for Mulligan a right on and the group's May tour re-scheduled for June. Actually the new dates probably have more to do with the fact that Fashion still haven't managed to finish their new LP, "Twilight Of The Idols". See Dates for details.

After a lot of bother, **King Kurt** have finally found somewhere in London that'll let them play. They're doing the two opening nights — June 8 and 9 — at the Tropical Palace, a new place in Keston Green. Doubtless it'll close down again after that.

The trendy types at the **Labour Party** well known for their appearances in pop videos etc are looking for A Better Song For Europe? The idea seems to be to find a song which reflects "the true aspirations of young people in Britain" instead of the silly nonsense that dominates the Eurovision Song Contest. So they've organised a contest of their own. Any songwriter, professional or amateur, is eligible to enter provided they're under 25.

Entries will be judged by a panel including Labour Party chairman **Eric Hoffer** and Rough Trade Records boss **Geoff Travis** and the winner will get £2,500 and the possibility of a record deal financed by the Labour Party. Hoffer said "We'll be particularly interested in songs about the main theme in the European election campaign: peace, jobs and the waste of resources and human lives in Europe at present." If you can manage a song about all that bung it off to Labour Party Headquarters, Watworth Rd, London SE17 by June 14 the day of the European elections.

BOB A JOB



Planet Earth is blue and there's nothing he can do

"It sounds strange I know, but I like this name Major Tom. It's better to say Major Tom than Captain Kirk, you know."

So speaks, albeit in broken English, a 28-year-old German by the name of **Peter Schilling**, who's currently getting rich on account of his single, "Major Tom (Coming Home)", being a huge hit absolutely everywhere.

Born in Stuttgart, he bought his first guitar when he was just 12, having been influenced by The Beatles. "They showed us what was important and that's the melody."

He later took to playing small clubs, "alone with a guitar" in Germany and America. "I had to live," he explains. His fortunes changed on meeting a heavy metal guitarist with the unlikely name of Arnan Sabot in 1981. "I found him and we worked together and then, suddenly," he adds devoutly, "we found our very own style."

First released in Germany in December '82, the single is "the story of a fantasy" and he denies that there's any connection between it and David Bowie's "Space Oddity" (also about a spaceman called Major Tom). "I've heard Jonathan King's version which mixes his song with Bowie's song and describes it as 'crazy' which is fair enough."

At present he's busy in a Hamburg studio finishing his second solo LP and preparing his follow-up single, "Terra Titanic". After that he hopes to visit Britain, but doesn't think he'll have any problem with the language. "I learnt English in the clubs in America. It's cool."



However, married **Billy Bragg** doesn't seem to be making a few bob. He's now splashed out the princely sum of 90 quid on a new guitar.

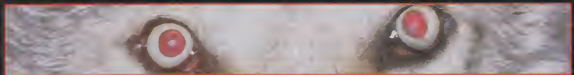
Square eyes **Modern Romance** have just released a video entitled *Modern Romance*. Tokyo Live! Pretty self-explanatory, that one really. Punky types may also be interested to know that both **BBH** and **The UK Subs** have live videos out. In fact, these days everyone seems to have a live video out.

Sade is set to play her first major London concert on July 30 at the Royal Festival Hall. Tickets are on sale now.

Highly rated, some might say over-rated, American rocker **Bruce Springsteen** has a new single out, a so-called "Dancing In The Dark".

FROM Ktel - LEADER OF THE PACK!

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JOE JACKSON

NIK KERSHAW

THE WEATHERGIRLS

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ENOUGH HITS TO SATISFY EVERYBODY

SINGLES

reviewed by

Photo: Paul Kader



IAN CRANNA

DIE TOTENHOSEN (The Incredible T'H' Scratchers Starring Freddy Love): Hip-Hop-Bommi-Bop (EMI) Propelled by a steamhammer beat and the most lethal rhythm guitar since Indecp, this is the sad tale of Bronx hipster Freddy Love who goes to Germany to try to teach Die Totenhoosen (a local version of King Kru and The Damned) how to rap and scratch. Also, possibly distracted by the cheap and nasty Bommetlunder alcohol, Dusseldorf's punkiest don't take this even remotely seriously and said Fred returns to New York in despair. Sharp, funny and extremely danceable, this hits the Single Of The Fortnight jackpot no problem.



SIOUXSIE & THE BANXSHEES: Daxile (Wanderland) Like most Banxshees records, this flatters only to deceive. An absolutely titanic meeting of The Onedin Line and the '60s Wall Of Sound.

It keeps all before it—old ladies faint, children take cover, grown men weep openly etc.—on first hearing but fails to move thereafter. Still, their best for ages.

THE SMITHS: (Heaven Knows) I'm Miserable Now (Rough Trade) While growing faintly irritated by Morrissey's continuing list of ailments, it has to be said that this is their best yet. For once the song and the backing seem to belong together while Mr. Jolly croons and thoroughly enjoys being a martyr to misery. Top Ten would be about right.

SWANS WAY: Illuminations (Belgier) After the masterful "Soul Train", this breezy featherweight item about being magnetised, hypnotised and feeling total pleasure carries disappointingly little clout. But, pathetically grateful as we are for anything without a crash boat, we give it the benefit of the doubt.



HOWARD JONES: Pearl In The Shell (WEA) I tend to think of Howie as a puppy dog (mongrel, I think)—something so bright-eyed and trusting that you can't bring yourself to smack him when he messes the living room with poop like this. Poor little fella—only doing what nature tells him etc. This time it's a brassier, more aggressive sound with the usual irritatingly catchy chorus and twiddly synth hits. Mind you, next time it's definitely the rolled-up newspaper...

BLACK: Hey Presto (Eternal) Now this is much more like it. Lots of genuine attack on a good song with a bit of depth but one which loses its way and lacks the killer chorus which brings it hit. Extra points for a good bit of dramatic piano.

MADONNA: Borderline (Sire) That's borderline 'as in 'this weak effort is pretty borderline as a song and will be lucky if it borders on the charts'. Will somebody please give this girl real songs instead of excuses?

EDDY GRANT: Romancing The Stone (Ice) Curious—this sounds not unlike his last hit "I Don't Wanna Feel My Electric Frontline Love No More."

D. C. LEE: Yippe Yi Yay! (CBS) This record left for the

shops in such a hurry that it forgot to pack a tune. Lots of energetic synth-funk, yes, but a tune, no. The lady is better served by her own gentler "Space And Time" on the flip.

FICTION FACTORY: All Or Nothing (CBS) Is it just me or is there a national shortage of what we in the trade call "songs"? If you like highly polished fake drama then you'll have a field day here; otherwise this is totally unmemorable.

PSYCHEDELIC FURS: The Ghost In You (CBS) "Here Come Cowboys" would have been a better choice for a single, summing up (as it does) popular feeling about Reagan etc, but perhaps it doesn't matter as all the Furs' songs sound virtually identical anyway and seldom like singles. Still, I always was a sucker for Catholic guilt and a good beat.

NICK HEWARD: Love All Day (Arista) Another piece of candyfloss from the Milky Bar Kid. Marginally better (or less filmsy) than usual, this sports moody sax, percussion and a touch of '80s piano plus the usual passable melody and dippy lyrics. But if that constitutes a good record then I'm Roland Rat. (I suppose there is a faint resemblance—Ed.)

DAVID AUSTIN: Tara To Gold (EMI) According to the lurid, David used to play alongside Wham! in The Executives (who, it also says, were offered a deal by The Beat's label. I refuse to believe this—I'm sure The Beat had better taste than that!) And now thanks (if that's the right word) to George Michael who produced, here he comes again with this busy, brassy outing that sounds, unsurprisingly enough, like You Know Who.



TRACIE: (I Love You) When You Sleep (Respond) Tracie has a nice voice but still not much class about using it. Here she skips untrodden through an Elvis Costello song (written for her) when some of that much talked about (and much devalued) Soul is called for. If the record company really are delaying the album for a hit then they're in for a long wait.

ZERRA I: Ten Thousand Voices, A Message From The People (Mercury) We already have one U2, thanks very much.

MADNESS: One Better Day (EMI) Is all well with Madness? First "Victoria Gardens" was lined up then shelved then withdrawn, and now this likeable but hardly knock-out song about a couple of down-and-outs is rush-released. Ambitious writing is all very well but many more singles like this and Madness will be toiling.

THE CULT: Spiritwalker (Situation Two) Booming drums, ringing guitars, passable Tarzan imitations and not a lot else.

LIMAH: Too Much Trouble (EMI) Another lightweight pop outing that threatens to blow away if not held down. It also sounds slightly disjointed but will doubtless make it on the strength of the hookline.

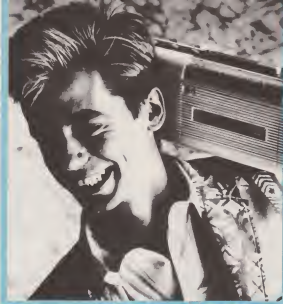
ROD STEWART: Infatuation (Warner Bros) Mummy mummy, what's an optimist? Someone who hopes Rod Stewart won't make any more records. After a brilliant rambling intro that makes you sit up in hope, this degenerates into crude riffing and Rod talking to himself for three or four months.



CAROL KENYON: Dance With Me (A&M) This fab song should have been a hit for The Lords Of The New Church (but wasn't) and now Carol—she of "Temptation" outerwalling fame—is making doubly sure it won't be a hit by ruining the flow and effectively de-singing it. Third time lucky, someone?

ANNE LESEAR: Take Him Back (Taxi) (Allegiance/PRT) The "answer" record to J. Blackfoot's superb Philly-soul balled "Taxi", even down to the same backing track. This comes complete with spoken intro where the unfaithful guy tells the driver to keep the meter running before Anne—in an effortless performance on par with Sade—sends him packing. Fabulous stuff.

BRONSKI BEAT: Smalltown Boy (London) Current favourites of Dave Rimmer and it's not hard to see why—a touching lyric about leaving home, a remarkably agile but controlled vocal and a good song that recalls Tanco or the Eurythmics in its effective use of electronic simplicity. A good debut and one of those people could learn from.



WESLEY HUNT



NEW 7" AND 12" SINGLE

NICK HEYWARD

APRISTA

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4 ALBUMS

PSYCHEDELIC FURS: Mirror Moves (CBS) After seven years and three previous albums the Furs have finally fashioned a portion of pure pop that still manages to satisfy the fans who cared for them when they were harder and more headstrong. Here they merge the gorgeous ("My Time") with the galloping ("Heartbeat") and the warm ("The Ghost In You") with the wry ("Alice's House"). And they should have no problem following up "Heaven", which is far from the strongest track. **(9 out of 10)**

ROCK STEADY CREW: Ready For Battle (Cherisse) Yo, brother! Quit makin' an' relaxin' an' "get down

on the rhythm and out on the street". That's the message — pure and simple. "Battle", in break dancing terms, means challenging other crew members to outdance you, and here you've got seven fast and frothy hip hop concoctions boasting with neat neat melodies and crisp rhythms. **(8½ out of 10)**

"WEIRD AL" YANKOVIC: In 3-D (Scotti Brothers) Having launched a twin attack on Michael Jackson and glutinous fiction as "Eat It" (included here), the "Weird" one turns his attentions to other aspects of the silly American dream — TV quiz shows, trashy newspapers, Sylvester Stallone etc. Some of the jokes — the Police parody in particular — fall flat, but anyone who can set the lyric of the *Brady Bunch* theme (*Brady Bunch* — nauseatingly wholesome US TV family) to the tune of *Man Without Hats*' "Safety Dance", deserves an award or a straightjacket or something. **(7 out of 10)**

INDEEP: Pajama Party Time (Becket Records) — Remember Indeeep? Last year, Rose Marie Ramsey and Michael Cleveland hit the jackpot with the deliriously bony dance number, "Last Night A DJ Saved My Life". If you liked that, you'll

probably like this on the eight songs all slip in and out of similar territory. Hard, sparse and cunningly constructed, treat it strictly as a party record. **(5 out of 10)**

GO GO's: Talk Show (I.R.S.) Take five girls from the sun-kissed West Coast of America, kit them out with millions of guitars and modern smiles and groom them for the video age... More efficient, polished power-pop from The Go Go's — sometimes mildly diverting, sometimes profoundly boring. Never stirring. If you like this, you'll love Rick Springfield. **(3 out of 10)**



THE LOTUS EATERS: No Sense Of Sin (Sylvan Arista) Except for the outstanding "The First Picture Of You", this is a big

disappointment. It's difficult to distinguish one song from another as they all dissolve in watery tones and twee vocals. In fact, everything is too relaxed for its own good. **(3 out of 10)**

CLANNAD: Legend (RCA) The most expensive album in RCA's history (i.e. more than Bowie), this blend of technical perfection with Clannad's own beautifully atmospheric sights and whispers forms the soundtrack to ITV's *Robin Of Sherwood* series. Away from the visuals, however, it falls into limbo — not demanding to be simply background music but not upfront or tuneful enough to keep the attention for very long. Pass marks for sheer class. **(6½ out of 10)**

R.E.M.: Reckoning (IRS) Mumbled vocals, indistinct tunes and (deliberately?) amateurish production spoil the impact of this potentially important new American band. Blending the dark drive of *The Psychodalia* Furs with the jangly guitars and harmonies of *Eds* folk-rockers *The Byrds*, their rough charm falls somewhat short of wonderful but its intelligence and sensitivity still beats most new British bands. No hits (yet) but a name to watch. **(7½ out of 10)**

Fred Dollar

Peter Martin

Jan Birch

Lisa Anthony

Tom Hibbert

Jan Cvrnana

Jan Cvrnana

MARC ALMOND

THE BOY WHO CAME BACK

BRAND NEW SINGLE OUT NOW ON 7" + SPECIAL 12"

some figures

Madonna

Bubblegum. Swimming. Rude. Ice cream sundaes with hot ficks to you.

Madonna thinks they're all yummy as David Keeps finds out.

"I have sunglasses on right now because my eyes are killing me," apologises Madonna. "I haven't slept in three days and a friend of mine is in jail right now and I just found out last night...ugh, forget it, it's a long story, but never a dull moment in my life."

She's just wrapped up a day's worth of meetings between her manager and Nile Rodgers, who's producing her new LP "Like A Virgin". The title track is due out in June as a single and the LP will feature tracks called "Dress You Up", "Material Girl" and "Angel". "Mr R, she admits, "is a very passionate man. He lives life to the hilt. When you deal with people who are that way you get good stuff and bad stuff, but it was really great working with him."

But right now Madonna — natively turned out in a black leather jacket with silver graffiti, "kind of bluish" lipstick and the usual rubber jewellery and crucifixes — is content to unwind over a grapefruit and Campari, chewing on the questions as eagerly as she attacks her two sticks of Trident sugarless bubblegum.

Where did you learn to dance?

I really learnt on my own. I watched television a lot and I used to try to copy Shirley Temple when I was a little girl. I used to turn on the record player and dance in the basement by myself and give dance lessons to my girlfriends in five year old makeovers. I got older I started giving lessons to boys too, and I remember the first guy I gave lessons to the song was "Honky Tonk Woman" by the Stones. It was really sexy, right, like stomping and grinding. When I was about 12 I decided I should try to get pro about this and started going to the schools where they teach jazz, tap, ballroom, twirling and gymnastics. It was just a place to send hyperactive girls, basically.

Do you worry about your weight?

Sure, that's why I swim 100 laps every day to keep in shape. It's good to have a supple body, you can move around more easily and it's a lot more visually appealing. You feel better too when you're at a normal weight.

What one thing would you change about yourself if you could?

I always wanted to be taller. I feel like a shrimp but that's the way it goes. I'm 5'4" — that's actually average. Everything about me is average, everything's normal, in the books. It's the things inside that makes me not average. I'd also change my indecisiveness. Yes, no, yes, no, YES! In my business career I feel I make good decisions but in my personal life I'm constantly creating havoc by changing my mind every five seconds.

Who would you like to go out with: Rick Springfield, Simon Le Bon, Lionel Richie or David Lee Roth?

Ugh. UGH. Yeeeeuch! I mean, I wouldn't go out with any of them if you want to know the truth. If I had to choose, I'd go out with David Lee Roth, but I wouldn't dress up for him.

Is there any item of clothing you have that you wouldn't dare to wear in public? Well, underpants. I wouldn't wear just sexy underpants in public. I have to feel really comfortable and that my clothes look good, but not that I obviously tried to make them look good. My favourite clothes are — Vivienne

Westwood skirt with Keith Haring designs, this Westwood black net shirt and a denim jacket with my graffiti tag "Boy Toy" written on the back. I used to go out with graffiti writers and I got into the habit of carrying markers around, but I really lost the zest for writing my name everywhere. Now I have suitors that do it for me.

What's your most treasured possession?

A picture of my mother when she was young and she was riding on a horse and smiling and laughing. She didn't give it to me. My mother died when I was young and when I moved to New York I stole it from my father.

What's your living room like?

It's vast and empty with wooden floors and windows on all sides. It's 2,000 square feet, a lot in Soho and all there is is graffiti paintings on the wall and electronics stuff and mirrors on one wall. There's no couches, no furniture, only my bed and a kitchen table with chairs.

What did you like best about Britain?

They have lots of good clothes shops. I always have a good time shopping there because fashion is so important to English people. I didn't have time to find any good restaurants, but I like the way the cars are on the other side.

Borderline

Something in the way you love me

Won't let me be

I don't want to be your prisoner

So baby won't you set me free

Stop playing with my heart

Finish what you start

When you make my love come down

If you want me let me know

Baby let it show

Honey don't you fool around

Chorus

I just try to understand (understand)

I've given all I can

'Cause you got the best of me

Borderline feels like I'm going to lose my mind

You just keep on pushing my love

Over the borderline

Borderline feels like I'm going to lose my mind

You just keep on pushing my love

Over the borderline (borderline)

Something in your eyes

Is making such a fool of me

When you hold me in your arms

You love me till I just can't see

Then you let me down

But when I look around

Baby you just can't be found

Stop driving me away

I just wanna stay

There's something I've just got to say

Repeat chorus

Keep pushing me keep pushing me

Keep pushing my love

(Keep on pushing my love)

Come on baby come on baby yeah

Over the borderline (borderline)

Da da da (ad lib to fade)

Words and music Lucas

Recorded by permission Likasa Music

On Sire Records

What makes you so angry that smoke comes out of your ears?

When people smoke, especially in elevators or closed-in places. When I was recording my album and let people in and they lit up, I'd just go, "Put that cigarette out right this minute." And after a show when people come back to my dressing room smoking and I'm all short of breath. It's just so RUDE.

What is your widest ambition?

Well, I'd love to be a memorable figure in the history of entertainment in some sexual comic-tragic way. I'd like to leave the impression that Marilyn Monroe did, to be able to arouse so many different feelings in people.

How do you see yourself in 30 years' time?

Hopefully I'll be incredibly mellow and wise with age. Not mellow, but very wise and still just as mischievous and childlike and wondrous as I am now.

Do you go to church?

No, I never go to church anymore except to steal crucifixes. That's a joke. But I get a lot of letters from religious freaks because of my name. One girl believes she's the second coming of Christ and wrote to tell me that since I'm the Madonna, we have to be together.

How does it feel to have a name like Madonna?

It feels like I have to live up to it. I didn't get made fun of because I went to Catholic schools and I never remember feeling tormented for my name. In fact I never became aware that it was so unusual until I came to New York and started getting my name on programmes. People assumed it was a stage name and I didn't think my last name was pertinent.

Other than Michael Jackson, who would you like to sing a duet with?

I'm considering doing a song with Billy Idol if you can believe it. Probably a song we'd write together. Or a soul cover that would be a really good idea because we're both white and plastic and blonde.

What's your favourite kind of ice cream?

I don't like ice cream, but if I made a sundae it would have, vanilla, chocolate chip and coffee ice cream with hot fudge topping and whipped cream and nuts. But none of those cherries on top. Those cherries are gross.


What happened between you and Simon Le Bon and a certain birthday cake backstage at Madison Square Gardens?

Huh? Was there a birthday cake? There was a lot of food and champagne. I fought over a piece of cake with Simon! That's an interesting rumour. I never did anything of the sort, I actually got very ill and had to leave right when they were doing their first encore. Champagne on an empty stomach. I went to see them because Nile was going to do an encore, otherwise I don't think I would have found myself there.

What would you do if you could be invisible for a day?

I'd go to my record company and listen to all the people saying what they're really going to do with my next record.



A photograph of a person from the back, wearing a blue t-shirt with a yellow muscle sleeve. The sleeve has a graphic print of a landscape with a sunset or sunrise. Another person's hands are visible, holding the person from behind. The person has large black hoop earrings and a white tag is visible at the collar of the blue t-shirt.

**MUSCLE SLEEVE
T-SHIRTS.
WE SUPPLY THE
T-SHIRT.**



Levi's



DENIECE WILLIAMS

LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE BOY

My baby he don't talk sweet
 He ain't got much to say
 But he loves me loves ma loves me
 I know that he loves me anyway
 And maybe he don't dress fine
 But I don't really mind
 'Cause every time he pulls me near
 I just wanna cheer

Chorus
 Let's hear it for the boy
 Let's give the boy a hand
 Let's hear it for my baby
 You know you gotta understand
 Oh maybe he's no Romeo
 But he's my loving one man show
 Oh oh oh let's hear it for the boy

My baby may not be rich
 He's watching every dime
 But he loves ma loves me loves me
 We always have a real good time
 And maybe he sings off key
 But that's all right by me yeah
 But what he does he does so well
 Makes me wanna yell

Repeat chorus
 Because every time he pulls me near
 I just wanna cheer

Repeat chorus
 (Let's hear it for the boy)
 Let's hear it for my man
 (Let's hear it for my baby)
 Let's hear it for my baby
 (Let's hear it for the boy)
 (Let's hear it for my baby)
 (Let's hear it for the boy)
 Let's hear it for my man
 (Let's hear it for my baby)
 (Let's hear it for the boy)
 (Let's hear it for my baby)

Words Pitchford Music Snow
 Reproduced by permission Famous Chappell
 in CBS Records

NICK HEYWARD

LOVE ALL DAY

Everybody's got the same problem in their lives
 Got a lover and a friend for the sound advice
 Don't look at me I'm a sucker for a fantasy
 I could've waited but I can't trust my memory

Never never going to give you up
 The smile on your face from the open book
 Never never going to give you up
 It's the smile on your face from that hoping look

Chorus
 I want to hear you say
 You really take my breath away
 You give me la la la la la la love all day
 I want to hear my love's reply by the summertime

Everybody takes the same for their holiday
 A radio or cassette for you all to play
 Don't look at me I'm a sucker for a sunny day
 I couldn't wait for the same problem anyway

Never never going to give you up
 It's the smile on your face from the open book
 Never never going to give you up
 It's the smile on your face I tell you love in that book

Repeat chorus
 By the summertime
 Blow the winds through a hot summer's night
 By the summertime
 Blow the winds through a hot summer's night
 But everybody's got to telling you how
 Long we can go long we can go
 Wasting precious time

I want to hear you say
 You really take my breath away
 You give me la la la la la la love all day
 Repeat ad lib to fade

Words & Music Nick Heyward
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 On Arista Records



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TURN YOUR BACK ON ME
BIG APPLE AND THE LIONS MOUTH

■ KAJAGOOGOO
ON TOUR

JUNE

TUESDAY 19 NEWCASTLE CITY HALL

WEDNESDAY 20 MANCHESTER APOLLO

THURSDAY 21 LEEDS TOWN HALL

SATURDAY 23 LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT THEATRE

SUNDAY 24 DERBY ASSEMBLY ROOMS

MONDAY 25 BIRMINGHAM ODEON

TUESDAY 26 CARDIFF ST DAVIDS HALL

THURSDAY 28 BRIGHTON DOME

FRIDAY 29 IPSWICH GAUMONT

JULY

SUNDAY 1 OXFORD APOLLO

MONDAY 2 POOLE ARTS CENTRE

TUESDAY 3 HAMMERSMITH ODEON

Can you find out why John Taylor of Duran always seems to have the sleeves of his jacket pushed halfway up his arms, as featured in nearly every photo of him?
Miss Piggy, London.

● J.T. recalls that this whole practice started when sleeves used to hinder his playing while on stage. The only remedy he could find was to shove them up as far as his elbows. "And", he shrugs, "I suppose I just got into the habit of wearing them like that off-stage too." The girls at this office actually reckon this lends him a slightly more rogueish appeal.

On The Tube (April 13) there was a group called The Kane Gang. Please could you tell me if the song they sang is available on record and any other information about them.
Di, Reigate.

● The Kane Gang are two ferocious vocalists, Paul Woods and Martin Brammer, and multi-instrumentalist Dave Brewis. They first met up in Sunderland where they formed a group called Kings Of Cotton. Then they became The Kane Gang and released "Brother Brother" on the independent Kitchenware label, before signing a major deal with London Records. On The Tube they played their current single "Small Town Creed" and its proposed follow-up, "Closest Thing To Heaven". Contact address: The Kane Gang, London Records, 15 St George St, London W1.



Photo: Andrew Giff

The Kane Gang (l-r): Dave Brewis, Martin Brammer and Paul Woods.

When Mark Ellen did John Peel's show a few weeks back, he played this great record by a woman who sounded French. I didn't catch the title or her name but it sounded like "Burntote". Can you find out what it was?
Martin Barr, Wirral.

● The record — which Peel has also given a fair old bashing — is in fact Belgian, and it's "My Sultour" by Berntholer on Blue Feather (BF 45831). You can lay hands on same by sending £2.00 (which includes post and packing) with your name and address to: Mail Order, Rough Trade, 130 Talbot Road, London W11, and mark your envelope "Smash Hits".



Got a question about pop? There's NOTHING (well almost nothing) Linda can't answer. Send her a postcard: Linda, Get Smart, Smash Hits, 92-98 Censbury Street, London W1V 1FF.

GET IT SMART

In the March 29 issue, *Get Smart* printed a letter saying that the 'B' side of "Relax" by Frenkie Goes To Hollywood was "Ferry Across The Mersey". My 'B' side is "One September Morning". How come?
Nicola Johnson, Cardiff.

● The answer is that the 7" and 12" versions have different 'B' sides. The 7" has "One September Morning" while the 12" has "Ferry Across The Mersey" and another version of "Relax". This of course means you have to fork out twice to get everything. Record companies call this "marketing".

I hope I'm not asking too much but can you tell me if Merk Reilly from Mett Bianco had some kind of operation on his right cheekbone? I'd also like to know where I can contact him.
Kimberlee, Ross-Shire.

● When he was 18, Mark was actually involved in a car accident which happened near Marlow in Henley. Although that was six years ago, he still retains the scar from "the multiple facial cuts and bruises" he suffered, but I'm assured the rest of him is in tip-top shape. Write to him c/o: WEA, 20 Broadway Street, London W1.

Can you please find out how Angela Jenkins and Rachel Hawkins got their jobs as caterers on the recent Thompson Twins tour, as featured in the "Touring Party" (issue April 12-25). This occupation really interests me.
Baggy, Rothwell.

● Angela and Rachel are both employed by the firm of caterers known collectively as Rolling Stove, and their manager explained that "most of the staff are usually found through friends of friends and by word-of-mouth." However, they admit they're

"always on the look-out for new people" and suggest that those interested (and preferably aged 21-24), should send details about themselves to: Rolling Stove, 55 Spencer Road, North Wembley, Middlesex. The job requires that you have a good basic knowledge of cookery, possess a current driver's licence and be "very friendly". In return, they promise "a lot of lost sleep and the chance to meet a load of really nice people". Plus a salary, no doubt.

Is there anyone I could contact to get three copies of "Stairway To Heaven" by Led Zeppelin? Not only is it my own favourite single but it's also both my boyfriend's and my best friend's single of all time. Thanks a million!
Sheila Keen.

● Although Led Zeppelin confined their British releases to albums only, there was at one time a plentiful supply of singles imported from the States to satisfy the fans. However, that was a very long time ago — the early '70s to be exact — and it's doubtful whether you'd come across even one copy now. I suggest you all club together and buy "Led Zeppelin IV", first issued on Atlantic in November '71 and still on the catalogue. As well as containing the epic you're after, you'll also find such heart-swelling numbers as "The Battle Of Evermore" and "When The Levee Breaks", plus the rock and roll song to end all rock and roll songs, "Rock And Roll".



Photo: Barry Pomeroy

Led Zeppelin way way back in 1968: (l-r) John Paul Jones, some of John Bonham's drums, Jimmy Page, Robert Plant.

Please could you find out why Bucks Fizz weren't coming to Belfast on their new tour? The Thompson Twins and Howard Jones said they really enjoyed Belfast.
Ross Lynch, Co. Tyrone.

Please could you tell me what Mike Nolan's parents do for a living?
Sharon Skyles, Nottingham.

● No time is the answer to your question, Rosie. The tour ends on June 19 and they go into the studio the next day when they were originally due to go to Ireland. They now hope to tour Ireland around the end of the year.

As for Sharon's query — according to Mike, both his parents are now enjoying retirement, but his Dad used to work in Ford maintenance ad his mother with a telephone cable company in Dublin. They're currently staying with Mike and looking for a house in England. Ahhh...

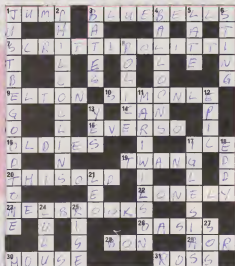
CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Van Halen's one for leap year?
- Falling flowers
- Green that's really just a little Green man (7,7)
- Football mad, he recently got married down under
- and 28 Durannie mainman
- You Feel It? (The Jacksons) (4,2,6)
- and 22 Monsoon's biggie from '82 (4,2,6)
- They might be golden but certainly not new
- Cool record label
- W Great makes a noise on guitar (anag)
- and 30 Shaky's residence (4,3,5)
- See 15 across
- The comedian who did the Hitler rap! (3,5)
- Band you'd be glad to see in the desert
- See 10 across
- It stands for Adult Oriented Rock (1,1,1)
- See 20 across
- This Diana had muscles

DOWN

- A plea to be nice to 27 down (4,2,4,2,2)
- Man who sings against all odds? (4,7)
- Duran's Nick --- his real surname (5)
- Nena's red rubber things
- It's --- (Shakin' Stevens)
- Once he spread a little happiness
- Constabulary headed by 6 down
- Queen Beehive no longer! (4,6)
- Michael Jackson's record label
- Owners of a lonely heart
- Willie's mate Julio
- Grant
- Sayer star-sign
- Scottish singer who now works with B. A. Robertson
- 'Madness Present The --- And Fall'
- Distress call from a hit band? (1,1,1)

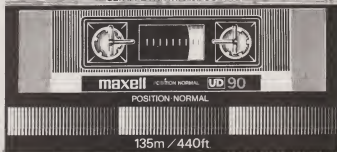


ANSWERS ON PAGE 53

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the questions

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A STRONG FOUNDATION**

7" and 3 track 12" single from Respond



ARLINGTON HOUSE ADDRESS NO FIXED ABODE
THE OLD MAN IN A THREE PIECE SUIT SITS IN THE ROAD
STARES ACROSS THE WATER SEES RIGHT THROUGH THE LOCK
OUT ON AND UP LIKE OUTSTRETCHED HANDS
HIS MUMBLED WORDS HIS MUMBLED WORDS MOCK

FURTHER DOWN THE PHOTO BOOTH A MILLION PLASTIC BAGS
AND AN OLD WOMAN FILLING OUT A MILLION RAGDARE TAGS
BUT WHEN SHE GETS THROUGH OUT THREE BAGS AT A TIME
SHE SPIES THE OLD CHAP IN THE ROAD TO SHARE HER BAGS WITH
SHE HAS BAGS OF TIME

SURROUNDED BY HIS PAST ON A SHORT WHITE LINE
HE SITS WHILE CARS PASS EITHER SIDE TAKES HIS TIME
TRYING TO REMEMBER ONE BETTER DAY
A WHILE AGO WHEN PEOPLE STOPPED TO HEAR HIM SAY

WALKING ROUND YOU SOMETIMES HEAR THE SUNSHINE
BEATING DOWN IN TIME WITH THE RHYTHM OF YOUR SHOES
NOW SHE HAS WALKED ENOUGH THROUGH RAINY TOWN

MADNESS

SHE RESTS HER BACK AGAINST HIS AND SITS DOWN
SHE'S TRYING TO REMEMBER ONE BETTER DAY
A WHILE AGO WHEN PEOPLE STOPPED TO HEAR HER SAY

WALKING ROUND YOU SOMETIMES HEAR THE SUNSHINE
BEATING DOWN IN TIME WITH THE RHYTHM OF YOUR SHOES

WALKING ROUND YOU SOMETIMES HEAR THE SUNSHINE
BEATING DOWN IN TIME WITH THE RHYTHM OF YOUR SHOES
THE FEELING OF ARRIVING WHEN YOU'VE NOTHING LEFT TO LOSE

WALKING ROUND YOU SOMETIMES HEAR THE SUNSHINE
BEATING DOWN IN TIME WITH THE RHYTHM OF YOUR SHOES
THE FEELING OF ARRIVING WHEN YOU'VE NOTHING LEFT TO LOSE

Words and music: Bedford/McPherson
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On Silt Records



ON VIDEO

RECORDED LIVE AT BATHURST AND
GLASGOW NOV 1981/82

1000 STARS ANGLE PARK
CLOSE ACTION - LOST PATROL
WONDERLAND THE STORM
PORROH MAN CHANCE
INWARDS - FIELDS OF FIRE
HARVEST HOME TRACKS OF MY TEARS
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Lewis, Littlewoods, Martin,
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RICK SPRINGFIELD

"LOVE SOMEBODY"

*NEW SINGLE ON 7"
& 3 TRACK 12"*



RCA

JEFFREY OSBORNE

STAY WITH ME TONIGHT

ANOTHER MORNING YOU ARE ON MY MIND
TAKING UP MY TIME THROUGHOUT THE DAY
I TRY CONTROLLING IMAGES I SEE
ALWAYS YOU WITH ME — IT'S IN MY DREAMS

YOU GIVE ME FEVER LOVE I CAN'T EXPLAIN
FIRE UNCONTAINED — WHAT IS THIS, GIRL?
I TRY TO FIGHT IT BUT I NEVER WIN
SEEMS I JUST GIVE IN TO YOUR EMBRACE

BUT OH YOU TRY SO HARD NOT TO SEE
OH ALL THE THINGS YOU DO TO ME
AND GIRL OH OH MY LOVE CAN'T BE CONCEALED
GIRL YOU KNOW THE DEAL BABY STAY WITH ME TONIGHT

AT MY APARTMENT YOU COME TO THE DOOR
QUARTER AFTER FOUR A.M. — HELLO
WE START TO KISSING, OOH WE START TO NECK
YOU KNOW WHAT COMES NEXT AND YOU LOVE IT GIRL

BUT OH WHAT WE HAVE IT FEELS SO GOOD
OH AND WE BOTH KNEW THAT IT WOULD
AND GIRL OH OH THE FEELING IS SO RIGHT
PLEASE COME HOLD ME TIGHT BABY STAY WITH ME TONIGHT

"CAUSE YOU GIVE ME SPECIAL JOY
OH MAKE ME FEEL JUST LIKE A SCHOOLBOY, GIRL
OH GIVE ME FEELINGS OF DELIGHT
PLEASE TURN OUT THE LIGHT BABY STAY WITH ME TONIGHT

"CAUSE I LOVE YA
YOU KNOW I REALLY DO LOVE YA GIRL
IT'S BEEN MY INNERMOST FANTASY
TO SHARE AND CARE AND TO GIVE MY LOVE TO YOU
THROUGH THE NIGHT

YOU CALL ME CRAZY — MAYBE THAT IS TRUE
BUT WHAT CAN I DO? I LOVE YA GIRL
I TRY TO FIGHT IT BUT I NEVER WIN
SEEMS I JUST GIVE IN TO YOUR EMBRACE

BUT OH OH I PRAY YOU NEVER LEAVE
OH 'CAUSE MY HEART WOULD SURELY GRIEVE SO, GIRL
OH AND YOU KNOW I WOULD NOT LIE
GIRL YOU ARE MY PRIDE BABY STAY WITH ME TONIGHT

"CAUSE YOU GIVE ME SPECIAL JOY
OH MAKE ME FEEL JUST LIKE A SCHOOLBOY, GIRL
OH THE FEELING IS SO RIGHT
PLEASE COME HOLD ME TIGHT BABY STAY WITH ME TONIGHT

AD LIB TO FADE

WORDS & MUSIC: JAMES

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF UNIVERSAL MUSIC GROUP



Photo: David Corwin



BREAK MACHINE

BREAK DANCE PARTY

LET'S HAVE A BREAK DANCE PARTY

I'M GONNA WEAR IT OUT TONIGHT
SO FAR BENEATH THE CITY LIGHTS
SO COME ALONG

LET'S HAVE A BREAK DANCE PARTY

I'M GONNA PRESS MY CHILLY DUDS
MY LEATHER BELTS WITH ALL THE STUFS
SO CALL YOUR FRIENDS
LET'S HAVE A BREAK DANCE PARTY

BREAK DANCE

JUST LET YOUR BODY WORK TONIGHT AND
BREAK DANCE
WE'LL PARTY TILL THE MORNING LIGHT AND
BREAK DANCE
AND EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT
LET'S BREAK DANCE ALL NIGHT LONG

I WANNA SPIN AROUND AND ROLL
AND GIVE IT EVERY BIT OF SOUL
SO COME ALONG

LET'S HAVE A BREAK DANCE PARTY

YOU'LL SEE WE'RE ROCKING ON THE ONE
AND YOU CAN COME AND JOIN THE FUN
SO CALL YOUR FRIENDS
LET'S HAVE A BREAK DANCE PARTY

BREAK DANCE

WE'LL ROCK IT ON THE TOP AND THEN WE'LL
BREAK DANCE
YOU'LL WATCH THE WAY WE SHOCK AND THEN YOU'LL
BREAK DANCE
AND EVERYONE WILL POP SO WE CAN
BREAK DANCE ALL NIGHT LONG

BREAK DANCE BREAK DANCE BREAK DANCE
BREAK DANCE ALL NIGHT LONG

BREAK DANCE JUST LET YOUR BODY WORK TONIGHT AND
BREAK DANCE (LET'S PARTY TILL THE MORNING LIGHT AND)
BREAK DANCE (AND EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT)
LET'S BREAK DANCE ALL NIGHT LONG

BREAK DANCE BREAK DANCE BREAK DANCE

BREAK DANCE BREAK DANCE BREAK DANCE
BREAK DANCE ALL NIGHT LONG

BREAK DANCE

WORDS & MUSIC: MORALIZARR-BELOLO-ROODERS
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION
RECORD: SHACKLESS MUSIC (LEDSNIP)
ON RECORD SHACK RECORDS

"Uuugh! Who did that?" bellows New Order's Bernard Sumner, nipping swiftly to another table in the pub. "Who farted?" He giggles, then accuses. "It was you, Rob, wasn't it?"

"No," hurls back Rob, their manager, "it was you!"

"We're feeling very accessible this year," Peter Hook is telling me meanwhile. "Accessibility. That's our catch-phrase."

New Order? Accessible? Well, why not? Today is the morning after they recorded that TOTP, playing "Thieves Like Us" live. How did it go?

"It's really weird," shrugs Hooky, "but the other groups come up and apologise for not playing live. They're alright at Top Of The Pops. Nice people."

"We're a bit of a pain in the arse for them, I suppose," mumbles Bernard, almost apologetically. "Trouble is, we always sound crap on Top Of The Pops."

"Yeah," continues Hooky, "it'll be straight out with a bullet after last night."

Ha's right. In the next week's chart, "Thieves Like Us"—one of the two singles they have

did an American tour which all seems to have gone quite nicely, thank you, except for the night in Washington when Hooky got so drunk he forgot to turn up for the show. Then, back in Manchester, they made a film—soon to be shown as part of a Channel 4 series called *Play At Home*—about their record label, Factory. They're very happy with it, except for the apparently "embarrassing" voice-over which, they're eager to point out, had nothing to do with them.

They then all had a few weeks off. Hooky went to the Greek island of Crete which was "very nice. I got bored and was dying to get home. Just like being on tour really."

Bernard tried the Italian island of Capri. That was "dead expensive. The whole place is run by the mafia and they put a tariff on all the drinks." This, as you can imagine, raises the cost of a New Order holiday quite considerably. Steve Morris and Gillian Gilbert stayed at home "knocking out fireplaces and all that" in the "terraced cottage house" they've bought in

"wild satanism" called Mike Keane, La Volta La Kota (a punk band), Nyam Nyam (from Hull), Some Now Are (from Burnley, "mad, they are") and Lindsay Wilson (ex-wife of Factory boss Tony Wilson, "she's mad as well").

While all this was going on, mostly at night, New Order were rehearsing during the day. "You get really mackered," sighs Bernard. "It's OK doing it because although all the groups are skint, you learn a lot and you're helping somebody. But we've got to cut down now."

Thing is, New Order are having terrible trouble writing songs. "And you can see why," Hooky gestures at the list of those bands he's just made. "We're getting so desperate we'll have to ask Divine to write one for us." He snorts. New Order don't seem to have found "Love Reaction", Divine's Bobby "O"-produced rip-off of

"Yeah, when we started," says Hooky, "we found it easier to write all our own material than to work out the notes that others were playing. People copying us doesn't bother me at all. Some of them probably do it better than we do."

"It's amazing, you know," Bernard muses. "We've got this far—and we can't even play!"

"There's a rumour going round that we can't even play our new drum machine."

Hooky smirks. "We say: 'Pah!'"

"Blue Monday", they tell me, was the result of the last time they decided to "up-grade" their technology. It was simply a song written to find out just how all their fancy new drum machines and stuff worked. No, they don't make any conscious decisions about their music. "We never have done," says

"WE'VE GOT THIS FAR AND WE CAN'T EVEN PLAY!"
So says New Order's Bernard Sumner. Dave Rimmer isn't saying anything.

out at the moment; the other (a Factory Benelux import) is called "Murder"—went down from 18 to 22. But then almost a year ago, after what the group regards as a "totally cosmic" TOTP appearance, so did "Blue Monday". That single went on to become the best-selling 12" single in Britain ever, has hung around the charts ever since and, Hooky reckons, "is going to become a mill-stone round our necks." It also enabled them to put up their wages from £72.50 to £103.50 a week each.

"And then the taxman caught up with us," Hooky grimaces. "We're all up shit street now. I've got an estimate for £10,000."

So while "Blue Monday" was selling like crazy, what were New Order up to? After all, they only played two British concerts last year: one in Brixton and one in Bournemouth. Well, first they

Macclesfield.

And after that? "We did some producing," replies Bernard. Oh, what groups? I ask innocently. "Well... They all take a deep breath. There are so many they can barely remember them all."

Bernard did records with: Section 25, Quando Quango (both Manchester groups), Shark Vegas (from Berlin), Marcel King (former singer with One Tree Station, who had a Number One in 1974), Foreign Press ("that came out on EMI and no one noticed") and Surprize (Italian group, "pretty weird because none of them speak English. We had to do it all with a phrase-book.")

Steve and Gillian did records with: Thnick Pigeon (American jazz "avant-garde"), Life ("That's Andy Robinson, one of our roadies. It's a single called 'We Couldn't Manage Our Way Out Of A Wet Paper Bag.'") and Rad Turns To ("just a group").

And Hooky did records with: The Stockholm Monsters, The Royal Family & The Poor (a

"Blue Monday", very funny. "Actually we've got hundreds of songs but we can't finish any of them."

This problem is further complicated by the fact they've hardly been playing live. Bernard invents all the lyrics on stage, you see. "When you're just about to sing," he explains, "you have to come up with something." No gigs means no words.

They have, however, recently got back from a tour of Germany, Switzerland, Austria and Denmark. "Austria was great," smiles Bernard. "But Switzerland was awful," scowls Hooky. "It's the most expensive place in the world. It costs about £4 for a corn flake. They hated us there. They were convinced we were a bunch of devout Nazis."

And Germany? "Well," remembers Hooky, "in Berlin the rat went down better than we did." The rat? "Yeah, there was a girl at the front doing tricks with this white rat. She got all the applause."

"We were going to do a version of '99 Red Balloons' in Germany," Steve chips in, "but we couldn't work it out. It was too difficult."

Steve. "The next song is just... the next song." And, if all goes well, they hope to have enough of those for a new LP this summer.

What do they think about the Cocteau Twins, a band, who, with their no interviews-no photos stance, seem to be a sort of new New Order?

"The new Joy Division maybe," demurs Rob. "Well, it's about time someone stuck to their scruples," reckons Hooky. "Their music's awful though."

"Oh, I like it," says Steve. And do they still get people treating them like a bunch of demi-gods? In Europe, for example. Hooky replies: "Obviously you still get the odd turkey with his green can and milk bottle bottom glasses coming backstage and asking what it all means."

"But the people who come backstage are the worst of the audience," Steve takes up. "They just come to complain. I never used to go backstage when I went to see bands."

"I always used to throw cans at them," Hooky grunts. "Aaaaargh! Rob's done it again," howls Bernard, holding his nose, diving for safety and giggling fit to bust.

"No I haven't," replies Rob, a sad smile spreading across his face.

I never noticed a thing.



Wino Grillo (in alto), Pinochet, Tullio Solero, Calisto Tanzi,
Piero Chiostri, Motta, Pirelli, Pirelli

LIMAH!

TOO MUCH TROUBLE

You've been gone for a little while
I've noticed there's a change in your smile
Oh how you've made your message here and there
But these are not the words that I remember to hear

You give me

Chorus

Too much too much
Too much too you give me
Too much too much
Too much too you give me

If you want to try we could just be friends
But please tell me should you have to pretend
Lovers' heartbeats make the sweetest sound
And I can hear it when you are around

You give me

Please chorus

Trouble trouble trouble

(You give me)
Don't give me

Repeat chorus several times

Words and music Limahl
Reproduced by permission Poly Music Ltd
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YET ANOTHER EXTREMELY TEMPTING COMPETITION!



Photo: Paul Peake

Friends! Romans! Smash Hits readers! Lend us your ears. We've got a competition for you, see Glance casually around this page and you will almost certainly see some photographs. Excluding the one of Limahl (sorry), EVERYTHING IN THOSE PHOTOS CAN BE YOURS (except, that is, our latest addition to the world-famous Smash Hits Office Model Agency, the v. lovely Lisa Anthony). By that we mean a video recorder, a TV and a W. H. Smiths "Video Music 1" video (at reduced price) plus a tidal wave of rather tempting record tokens for the runners-up.

And here's the details:
* **THE TV SET** is a 22" Trinitron XR Stereo model. It's got full remote control, 30 programme auto-tuning with a digital read-out and space sound, but then you probably know all that anyway. It's well over £500's worth.

* **THE VIDEO RECORDER** is a Sony front-loader with picture and peep search, freeze frame and a 7 day 2 event timer. It's good. In fact it's very good. It's also got a stereo facility so you can hook it up to the stereo TV.
* **THE "VIDEO MUSIC 1" VIDEO** features the following tracks: "New Song" — Howard Jones, "Hanna Hanna" — China Crisis, "Each And Every

One" — Everything But The Girl, "The Killing Moon" — Echo & The Bunnymen, "The Flame" — Annabel Lamb, "Believin' It All" — Steve Levine, "Wouldn't It



Be Good" — Nik Kershaw, "My Soul Unwraps" — Savage Progress, and "Relax" — Frankie Goes To Hollywood. It's out in the shops for the extraordinarily reasonable recommended price of £9.99. But you can get it even cheaper. Cut the corner coupon off this page, present it to any branch of W. H. Smiths with a video department and they'll let

you have a copy of this video at £1 off. Good?

And here's a question. Four television programmes — a) Dallas, b) Robin Of Sherwood, c) The Tube, d) The Living Planet. And here's four people who star in them — Michael Praed, Joels Holland, David Attenborough, Patrick Duffy. Which one stars in which programme? Jot their names down, in the right order, on a postcard or the back of an envelope and send it this instant to Smash Hits W. H. Smith Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ.

First right answer out of the sack on June 6 gets the video and the TV set. The next 20 runners-up get a £5 record token each. And ANYONE WHO WANTS IT gets £1 off the "Music Video 1" Video. They're yours.

WHSMITHS
I'm offering you a special £1 off on a Video Music 1 video. To get this offer you must purchase a video department and they'll let you have a copy of this video at £1 off. Good? And here's a question. Four television programmes — a) Dallas, b) Robin Of Sherwood, c) The Tube, d) The Living Planet. And here's four people who star in them — Michael Praed, Joels Holland, David Attenborough, Patrick Duffy. Which one stars in which programme? Jot their names down, in the right order, on a postcard or the back of an envelope and send it this instant to Smash Hits W. H. Smith Competition, 14 Holkham Road, Orton Southgate, Peterborough PE2 0YJ.

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'B' THERE

(ON 'B' SQUARE)

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- BARBARA MASON
- BARBRA STREISAND
- BARD
- BARRY MANILOW
- BAUHAUS
- BEACH BOYS
- BEATLES
- BEE GEES
- BELLE STARS
- BIG COUNTRY
- BILL NELSON
- BILLY BRAGG
- BILLY GRIFFIN
- BILLY IDOL
- BILLY JOEL
- BIRTHDAY PARTY
- BLACK LACE
- BLACK SABBATH
- BLANCMANGE
- BLONDIE
- BOBBY THURSTON
- BOBBY WOMACK
- BOB DYLAN
- BOB MARLEY
- BONEY M
- BON JOVI
- BONNIE TYLER
- BOOKER NEWBERRY
- BOOMTOWN RATS
- BOW WOW WOW
- BOYSTOWN GANG
- BREAK MACHINE
- BRUCE FOXTON
- BRYAN FERRY
- BUCKS FIZZ

The names above are hidden in the diagram. They run horizontally, vertically or diagonally — many of them are printed backwards. But remember that the titles are always in an uninterrupted straight line with the letters in the right order, whichever way they run. Some letters will need to be used more than once — others you won't need to use at all. Put a line through the names as you find them.

ANSWERS ON PAGE 53

EDNAS IERTS ARBRABBB
 CBSBNABNBSBRBWUEOG
 AWLEINAOROUOOLBBG
 LMOALLIEBCBLKLRBA
 KYBWYTNFEYIAEYEBYR
 CEBDWNAAFNEUBRTTB
 ANBRAOAEA IOLAHNRHY
 LOYMYXWMBYRRRAAEUL
 BBDRATYWSBBGPANURL
 ZAVOTRNTOALYYIMLSI
 BNNBRNOFRBAOHLMBTB
 BOYAUWUAEDFCNBLSOA
 USLRNCMOHRAELDHNBS
 SLLGRAKTCMRACTIBBS
 EEAEESERSKGNYAUEERT
 ENLOOIBAF CIBBNRASA
 GLNBZJEWMI BBNUBYR
 ELIZDRYAEAZICSDRON
 EIOVBINLSNEZEBHABW
 BBOLOGYKLT RLAOTTHO
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 BIABRANLLEBLKLIAM
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 Breakin' and Poppin'
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 the movie PG



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 ...CHARLES PARKER & ALLEN QUAYDISE ...GERALD SCAFF ...ALLEN DINEVOYER ...DAVID ZITO
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EACH AND EVERYONE

EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL



IF YOU EVER FEEL THE TIME
TO DROP ME A LOVING LINE
MAYBE YOU SHOULD JUST THINK TWICE
I DON'T WAIT AROUND ON YOUR ADVICE

CHORUS
YOU TELL ME I CAN DO THIS FAR BUT NO MORE
TRY TO SHOW ME HEAVEN AND THEN SLAM THE DOOR
YOU OFFER SHELTER AT A PRICE MUCH TOO DEAR
AND YOUR KIND OF LOVE'S THE KIND THAT SOON DISAPPEARS

SO DON'T BRAG HOW YOU'VE CHANGED
AND EVERYTHING'S BEEN REARRANGED
I THOUGHT THAT WAS OVER AND DONE
BUT I STILL GET THE SAME FROM EACH AND EVERY ONE
BEING KIND IS JUST A WAY TO KEEP ME UNDER YOUR THUMB
AND I CAN'T CRY BECAUSE THAT'S SOMETHING WE'VE ALWAYS DONE
YOU TELL ME I'M FREE OF THE PAST NOW AND ALL THOSE LIES
THEN OFFER ME THE SAME THING IN A DIFFERENT GUISE

REPEAT CHORUS

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CUM ON FEEL THE NOIZE *MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE NOW*
MY FRIEND STAN *LOOK WOY YOU DUN*
FAR FAR AWAY *TAKE ME BAK 'OME*
COZI LUV YOU *LET'S CALL IT QUITS*
EVERYDAY *MERRY XMAS EVERYBODY*
THANKS FOR THE MEMORY *HOW DOES IT FEEL?*
(WHAS RAN THANK YOU MAM) *GET DOWN WITH IT*
THE BAIGIN' MAZ *GUDBUY T'JANE*
SKWEEZE ME, PLEEZE ME



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MEET JOEL STOLLY

"The last time I was in London, we called up Virgin Records to see if we could get 'Kissing to Be Clever' and they said, 'Well, if Billy Joel wants the new Culture Club album, let him come here himself.' So we went over and knocked on their door and they were really weirded out by it — 'Oh, Billy Joel. We thought it was a joke.'"

Billy Joel knows that he has never been exactly "hip" or fashionable here in London. "In England I'm kinda perceived as like a Neil Diamond, Barry Manilow, middle-of-the-road type of superstar. But I change from album to album and I grow from year to year. And just because I'm 34 doesn't mean I don't know how to rock 'n' roll."

Despite having just come off stage in Los Angeles after a particularly "crazy" show ("It's fairly normal to have girls jumping on stage but tonight we had a lot of guys jumping on too."), Billy Joel seems more than eager to talk to me about his present, future and past . . .



HE THINKS HIS SONGS ARE LIKE "BABIES", VIDEOS ARE "A CHORE" AND HE'S WORRIED ABOUT GETTING "COMPUTERISED". SOUNDS LIKE TIME BILLY JOEL HAD A CHAT WITH TOM HIBBERT

William Martin Joel was born in New York in 1949 and took up classical piano when but a mere tot of four.

"My first influences were Mozart and Beethoven but after eleven years' lessons I still can't play like a classical pianist should. My fingers are too short."

When he was 14, Billy got his first real taste of 'alternative' music when he went to see James Brown — "Soul Brother Number One" — at New York's Apollo Theatre: "It wasn't very sophisticated and the compositions were fairly primitive but the performance just knocked the hell out of me."

Soon Joel had bought himself a tiny organ and was playing in The Echoes, a local band fronted by "this guy who did a Mick Jagger and jumped around but couldn't really sing", and in 1965 he entered a recording studio for the first time: "These two brothers had a tiny studio in a basement and someone asked me to come down and play the piano on some session. Nobody knew what the hell it was gonna be." In fact, the session resulted in "Leader Of The Pack" and "Remember (Walkin' In The Sand)" — hits for legendary girl group the Shangri-Las. Only trouble was, Billy didn't get paid . . .

After the Echoes came a spell with New York 'underground' hopefuls The Hassles — "doing these stretched out, really preposterous arrangements" — and then, in 1968, Joel, with his mighty Hammond organ, enticed The Hassles' drummer into forming Attila, "a power duo, very sort of heavy metal. We were gonna be like Led Zeppelin and destroy the world with amplification. But after about 12 gigs of screaming at the top of my voice, I looked at the drummer and said, 'I can't do this anymore.' And that was the end of Attila, thank God. A timely death."

Now Billy Joel decided to branch out on his own as a songwriter. "I hadn't known anything about songwriting until The Beatles hit the States. Then suddenly there were these four guys who didn't look like puppets created by Hollywood — they were real people, they were sort of wise-ass and they were singing songs they'd written themselves. Paul was pretty bad the rest were just street guys and I said 'That's pretty cool!' So I started writing things that sounded like cratic Beatles songs — I could have been in The Beatles."

By 1971, however, he had developed a style of his own and was signed to Fantasy Records in California for whom he

recorded a "terrible" album and undertook a "real horror-show tour". And then came the awful realisation that, in the small print of his contract, he had signed away the rights to all his compositions. For a man who takes the songwriting process as seriously as Billy Joel, this was grim news indeed: "All the songs I've done I feel like I've gone through a pregnancy and a labour and a birth process and I feel like they're my babies. They're all my children and they belong to me."

Joel went to ground in Los Angeles. While he waited for lawyers to sort out his troubles, he hid from his managers playing piano in a bar under the name Bill Martin. "I was sitting right under their noses but they didn't realise I was there." By 1974 the legal mess had been cleared up; Billy negotiated a new deal with Columbia/CBS and since the enormous success of 1977's platinum-selling "The Stranger" album, there has been little or no looking back. LPs have sold in mad quantities and songs like "Just The Way You Are" and "My Life" have become the kind of "standards" that comedians love to maul on TV. ("I wrote 'My Life' as a bar song," says Joel. "I pictured a whole bunch of people sitting at a bar and turning around and raising their glasses and going: 'I don't care what you say anymore, this is MY LIFE!' It's like parents saying to their kids: 'Get out of the house already!'")

With the recent "An Innocent Man" album, Billy Joel finally, and firmly, established himself in Britain and the Number One hit "Uptown Girl" plunked him into the video age, though he has his reservations about video: "I don't really trust TV. To tell you the truth, and I find making videos a chore. I don't think I'm particularly photogenic, you see. Perhaps videos are just for Ultravox, Duran Duran, Prince and Boy George who I think is great. Some of my friends went 'Ah, man, Boy George is just too weird for me' but I say 'Nah, man, listen to the music and then decide . . .'"

In June, Billy Joel comes to England to play Wembley. And after that? "I have no idea. I usually don't have any kind of plan, it just sorta pops out. When you start trying to plan your career like Josef Stalin, you start getting computerised." Becoming "computerised" is something B.J. avoids by "real life living".

What's that?

"Kicking back — not being on the road, not being in the studio, hanging out with friends, going to the movies, going to a bar, smoking a pack of cigarettes a day and drinking — not like an alcoholic — but a healthy drink of beer or scotch. It seems like I'm trying to screw up my throat so I sound like Ray Charles. Who knows how much longer I'll be able to hit any of those high notes!"

RHODES DEAN

SEARCHING AND SEEKING NEVER SLEEPING I'VE GOT TO FIND ME A MAN
I WANT NO DISGUISES JUST SURPRISES SOMEONE WHO I'LL UNDERSTAND
I DON'T NEED A GUY WHO'S BEEN LONELY ONE NIGHT

THEN TELL ME HE'S GOT NO MORE TIME
I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO SHARE MY LIFE
I'D BETTER MOVE ON DOWN THE LINE
SEARCHING LOOKING FOR LOVE ALL THE TIME I CAN
SEARCHING LOOKING FOR LOVE I'VE GOT TO FIND A MAN

SOME GUYS EXCITE ME BUT DON'T INVITE ME
THEY DON'T EVEN NOTICE IT SEEMS
OH I'M ALWAYS WAITING ANTICIPATING
I LONG FOR THE MAN OF MY DREAMS
HE NEEDN'T BE HANDSOME HAVE FORTUNE OR FAME
HE JUST GOTTA BE SWEET AND KIND
BUT THERE'S SO MANY WANTING OR NEEDING THE SAME
I GOTTA MOVE ON DOWN THE LINE

SEARCHING LOOKING FOR LOVE ALL THE TIME I CAN
SEARCHING LOOKING FOR LOVE I GOT TO FIND ME A MAN
SEARCHING LOOKING FOR LOVE EVERY PLACE I CAN
SEARCHING LOOKING FOR LOVE (LOOKING FOR LOVE)
I GOT TO FIND A MAN

I DON'T NEED A GUY WHOSE BEEN LONELY ONE NIGHT
THEN TELL ME HE'S GOT NO MORE TIME
I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO SHARE MY LIFE
I'D BETTER MOVE ON DOWN THE LINE

SEARCHING (SEARCHING) LOOKING FOR LOVE
ALL THE TIME I CAN

SEARCHING (SEARCHING) LOOKING FOR LOVE
I GOT TO FIND ME A MAN

SEARCHING (SEARCHING) LOOKING FOR LOVE (OOH)
EVERY PLACE I CAN

SEARCHING (SEARCHING) LOOKING FOR LOVE (LOOKING FOR LOVE)
I'VE GOT TO FIND A MAN
REPEAT AND AD LIB TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC (AN ANTHONY'S STEPHENS
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ON PROTO RECORDS

SEARCHIN'



JOCELYN BROWN



SOMEBODY ELSE'S GUY

I CAN'T GET OFF MY HIGH HORSE
AND I CAN'T LET YOU GO
YOU ARE THE ONE WHO
YOU ARE THE ONE WHO MAKES ME FEEL SO REAL

OH WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO
OR WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO BABY
WHEN I'M SO HOOKED UP ON YOU
THEN I REALISE OH I REALISE THAT YOU ARE SOMEBODY ELSE'S GUY

WHY D'YA WANNA DO THIS TO ME BOY

(SOMEBODY ELSE'S GUY)
CAN YOU REMEMBER THE TIMES WE SPENT TOGETHER
SHARING THE DAYS IN THE SUN
THEN I FOUND OUT THAT YOU WERE SOMEBODY ELSE'S LOVER
AFTER ALL THE PLANS WE MADE NOW THE SHADOWS

BUT I STILL CAN'T GET OFF MY HIGH HORSE
I CAN'T LET GO
YOU ARE THE ONE WHO MAKES ME FEEL SO REAL
OOH WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO
WHEN I'M SO HOOKED ON YOU
AND THEN I REALISE THAT YOU'RE SOMEBODY ELSE'S GUY

THAT DAY IN SEPTEMBER I'M SURE YOU CAN REMEMBER
THAT'S WHEN ALL THE STUFF HIT THE FAN
(THAT STUFF HIT THE FAN)
YOU TOLD ME A LIE AND YOU DIDN'T HAVE AN ALIBI
BUT BABY YET I STILL CARED

YOU KNOW I LOVED YOU SO BABY THAT I CAN'T LET YOU GO NO NO
YOU ARE THE ONE WHO MAKES ME FEEL SO REAL
OOH WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO
WHEN I'M HOOKED SO ON YOU
AND REALISE THAT YOU'RE SOMEBODY ELSE'S GUY

NO I LOVED YOU SO BABY THAT I CAN'T LET YOU GO NO
YOU ARE THE ONE WHO MAKES ME FEEL SO REAL
OOH WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO
WHEN I'M HOOKED SO ON YOU
AND THEN I REALISE THAT YOU'RE SOMEBODY ELSE'S GUY

OOH I CAN'T GET OFF MY HIGH HORSE
AND I CAN'T LET GO
YOU ARE THE ONE WHO MAKES ME FEEL SO REAL
OOH WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO
WHEN I'M HOOKED SO ON YOU
AND THEN I REALISE THAT YOU'RE SOMEBODY ELSE'S GUY

AD LIB TO FADE

WORDS AND MUSIC BROWN
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ASSASSING

I am the assassin with tongue forged from eloquence
I am the assassin providing your nemesis

On the sacrificial alter to success (my friend)
Unleash a stronger form of kiss (my friend)
No incantations of remorse (my friend)
Unsheath the blade within the voice (my friend)
My friend my friend my friend my friend

I am the assassin (assassin assassin)
Who decorates the scarf within the fugi knot
Who camouflaged emotion in the thousand yard stare
Who gouged the notches from the family tree
Who hypnotised the guilty in career rhythm trance
Assassin assassin assassin assassin

(Listen to the punk play)

You were a sentimental mercenary in a free-fire zone
Pereding a Hollywood conscience
You were a fashionable objector with a uniform fetish
Pevlovien sleever at the cash till ring of success
A non-com observer, I assassin the collector, defector

So you resigned yourself to failure (my friend)
And I emerged the chilling stronger (my friend)
To eradicate the problem (my friend)
Unsheathed the blade within the voice
Within the voice within the voice within the voice

And what do you call assassins who excuse assassins anyway
My friend

Words & music Marillion
Reproduced by permission Marillion Music/Charisma/Chappell
On EMI Records



Photo: Jim Karpis

MARILLION

Bubble & SPEAK

THE CAPTION COMPETITION

On the left you've got Smeggy of King Kurt. On the right you've got some loony claiming to be a barber. What's going on, we wondered? And where? And why? And what immortal dialogue is taking place between said nutcase and the hapless Smeggs in his desperate hour of need? Jot down any ideas (amusing ones) on a postcard or the back of an envelope and send it swiftly to **Bubble & Speak**, Smash Hits, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF.

The entry that goes down the best with our panel of highly skilled judges (oh okay, the *Smash Hits* staff) wins the Top Ten UK 7" singles (supplied by that nice lot at Woolworths) on the day the entry closes — June 6. Answers next issue.

LAST ISSUE'S WINNER

Thanks for all the replies to last issue's snap. Rather a lot better than some of the feeble suggestions from around these parts. The one on the right — it made buttons fly off shirts, fists pummel floorboards, grown men weep with mirth, etc — was from David Butterfield of Wrenthorpe who, even as we write, is receiving a piping-hot slack of 7" singles.

Here's a few of the runners-up: "Skull: What advice have you got for Marvin Gaye? Bowie: Always quit while you're ahead." — N. Award, London NW11. "Bowie: Let's dance. Skull: I can't I'm legless." — Mark Glasscock, Benfleet. "Bowie: Who's your favourite group? Skull: Talking Heads." — Janice Bain, Spittal. And other "over my dead body"-type jokes too numerous to mention. Loved 'em.



READ ALL ABOUT IT!



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NEW YORK

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hits the June calendar

SWIMWEAR

on the street

SUNGLASSES

on the nose

Just Seventeen

on sale on

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HORSE & PONY

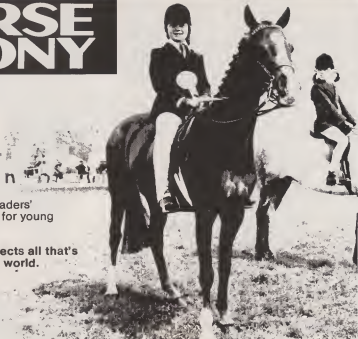
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WRANGLER COMPETITION (April 26) Correct answer: a) Kevin Howland, b) Michael Jackson, c) Alanis Morissette, d) Nik Kershaw. 1st prize goes to Kate Holmes, Greatthorn, who wins £200 worth of Wrangler clothes plus twelve 12" singles. 2nd Prize: Peter Russell, Colindale, who wins £200 worth of Wrangler clothes. 3rd prize: Andy Gaslon, Wimbledon, who wins £100 worth of Wrangler clothes. 4th prize: Kathryn Braish, Great Shelford, who wins £75 worth of Wrangler clothes. Runners-Up prizes of Wrangler Jeans go to: J. Sudd, Norwich; Kerry Allen, Roselife; Anita Mearns, Barnridge; T. Carr, Aldermoor; David Harrison, Haxby; R. Scarford, Longridge; Louise Fox, Langho; C. Mulqueeny, Eccleston; Sam Neve, South Woodham Farm; E. Alison Snooks, Wickford; Annita Roberts, Pilsen; Tereyann Rogers, Chingford; Richard Jaggare, Corningham; Ann Mcintosh, Innesess; Kevyn Tigan, Hoddington; Lindsay Jennings, Clapton Park; Ewan Giddovist, Cawdor; Sarah Carter, Waterhouse; Anita Wise, Clayhall; Anita as Haathoon, Chesterfield; Nicola Hancock, Bradley; M. Pitcher, Knowle; Sam Jules, Sutton Ymry; Michelle Ouley, Caringham; Sienna Wales, Pitsay; Andy Joyce, Cleethorpe; Sue Sergeant, Romford; Tina Milligan, Catterick; Phil Hunt, Oatham; Paul Holland, London EC1; W. Giles, Tottenham; Sue Kinco, Densole; Maize Milne, Tuffness; Jane Hiddlecombe, Weymouth; Keith Banks, Eastcote; Karen Francis, Birmingham; Caroline Millard, Farnham; Amanda Bowles, South Ashford; Mark Roosaio, Wembley; Saeah Harper, St Albans; Rachel Stocks, Gillingford; Christine Callan, Hemilton; Kerry Harris, Ingham; Katherine O' Mullane, Waltham Abbey; Helen Rennie, Kettle's Heath; Janet Procter, Somford; Eleanor Phillips, Worcester; Carl Paul Jones, Woodford Green; Suzanne Bonas, Chadwell St Mary; Helen Landcastle, Raigate.

CULTURE CLUB COMPETITION (April 26) Correct answer: Jon Moss - "I'm A Na Finger in Sheffield, Ready Steady Go! Volume 2 and 'Friday Club a Kiss Across The Ocean' videos are on the way to: Anne Peate, Kilmington; Julie Pehelsson, Haslem Moor; Carl Ryder, Eccleston; Mario Davis, Greenhills; C. Moxey, Catterham; Joanne Whittle, Fairfield; Shona Wilson, Kirkstall; Kathryn Ellis, Haversly; Liz Davay, South Woodford; Lisa Honey, Wheatley.

DURAN DURAN COMPETITION (April 26) Correct answer: "Careless Memories", 12" copies of "The Rebels" plus T-shirts are on their way to: Anna Cleaver, Maidenhead; Erika Chalmers, Springbank; N. Hodgson, Cambridge; Xanthe Parsons, Le Bockle Grove; Flora Robertson, Kingston; Lynn Davis, Epsom; Heidi Miller, Shoobooks; P. Muggly, Kilburn; Julie Fitzjohn, Trentham; Helen Vain, Chalfont St Peter; Rachel Barber, Blackheath; Mark Hall, Seghill; Michelle Wales, Welling; Karen Walker, Hull; Colleen Wood, Edinburgh; Sarah Johnson, Pooleton; Pamela Standing, Longs; Rosie Green, South Littleton; Evelyn Pater, Wantage; Amanda Harvey, Bristol.

May we say: merry thanks to Jim Short and everyone in the Composing Room at East Midland Litho Printers, Pateborough, for all their help and hard work over the past five years. All the best in the future. — Liz Lett

EXTRA BADGE TAKEN

Right then, here you are. What we in the badge trade call "one extra token". Here especially for those of you who through fire, floods, acts of God or sheer foolishness failed to secure one of the last three issues and the token therein. This'll be the last one, mind. *Defio*.

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STAR TEASER

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CROSSWORD

ANSWERS FROM PAGE 30

ACROSS: 1 Jump; 3 Bluebells; 7 Scrum Point; 9 Eikon; 16 and 28 Simon Le Bon; 15 and 22 Ever So Lonely; 14 'Can You Feel It?'; 16 Oides; 17 Ice; 19 Twang; 20 and 23 This Old House; 23 Mel Brooks; 26 Oass; 29 AOR; 31 (Diana) Ross
DOWN: 1 'Just Be Good To Me'; 2 Phil Collins; 3 Bates; 4 (99 Red) Balloons; 5 'It's A Sin'; 6 Steg; 8 Pato; 11 Mar Wilson; 12 Eric; 13 Yes; 17 (Lust) Iger; 18 Eddy (Grant); 21 Leo Sayer; 24 Lulu; 26 'Rise'; 27 'SOS (Band)'



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BOOK LETTERS PLEASE

A CRYSTAL DAY LIVERPOOL

"Eh lar! What's goin' on? Is de Queen Mother comin' or what?" winges one jammy-faced little scallywag. The answer that it's "A Crystal Day — A Day's Worth Of Happening in Liverpool" presented by Echo & The Bunnymen doesn't seem to mean much to him and he slopes off, granting something about me being a plank.

What is happening on this bright May day is a series of activities, organised by the Bunnymen's manager and helpers, that build up to the evening performance. The day's all geared towards giving 'outsiders' a real chance to get the flavour of the city and its people, while locals can rediscover the pleasures of the place in which they were brought up.

Already today we've been treated to Reveller (that's what it says in the programme) at the unearthly hour of 8am outside Brian's Diner — the Bunnymen's favourite café and the place where you have to get your 'pre-ticket' stamped and have a bite to eat (I'd recommend the gammon, pineapple and chips for £1.15) in order to get into tonight's concert at St George's Hall.

Starting with about 50 people, the queue grew in strength during the day, some waiting for up to three hours. But the first event with the Bunnymen taking part is the cycle ride (well, three-quarters of the Bunnymen — Mac's probably still in bed. I mean it is only 1pm). According to the programme, the 30 or so cyclists taking part will scuttle round "the legendary path of Echo, the Bunny creature". What this actually means is that the organisers have drawn the outline of a giant rabbit over the Liverpool street map and the cyclists have to follow this route as closely as possible. Of course everybody gets lost.

Meanwhile the rest of us, 1,500 'outsiders' and 1,500 locals, move towards the Pier Head to catch the 2.15pm ferry across the Mersey. Even Mac turns up, with his incredibly suntanned wife Lorraine. The arrival causes a fair amount of consternation amongst the young girls, who gaze hopelessly at him and either a) go green with envy about her or b) mutter bitchy remarks that make Pete Burns seem like St Teresa. Once aboard the band head for the cabins closely followed by a tight-knit entourage of fans and friends, while on deck everyone's clutching bananas that were given out free at the pier. But hardly anyone seems to be eating them and before you can say Jack Flytes, a full-scale 'nana fight breaks out, in the middle of which is a live local radio broadcast. It fizzles out after about 30 minutes. I've never seen so many so-called 'depressive long-mac' types in such high spirits.

We're all let off at 2.55pm. Lorraine takes Mac in the car to the soundcheck while the others set off by bike. The rest of us head for what the programme calls "the most powerful building known to mankind and the largest single chamber in Europe" — Liverpool's Anglican Cathedral. In the midst of a free recital by the Cathedral Boys Choir and a marvellous performance by scouser Ian Tracy, "the world's greatest classical organist under 30", we were supposed to "breakdown and ask the eternal power to punish or forgive every wrong we have done in our meaningless lives". Well not quite, but everyone seemed dead impressed.

Next stop, St George's Hall for an 8 o'clock start. The Bunnymen do three sets, punctuated by a couple of performances by the Dancers Of The Pagoda Of 100 Harmonies, one of whom gets carried away and tearfully knocks my block off with a giant scythe.

Despite the fact that the whole thing's being filmed for The Tube, the band show none of their usual self-consciousness and go flat out to finish off Crystal Day in fine style.

Surprisingly confident, obviously driven on by the news of Liverpool winning the championship for the third time in a row, they career through a blistering two hour set, fit to satisfy the most demanding of tastes. And so it's out into the cool night air to witness the Last Post at 10.15pm, a perfect end for a Crystal Day.

Peter Martin

APOCALYPSE



PEOPLE

NEW 7" AND 12" SINGLE
PEOPLE
c/w
GOING UP IN THE WORLD
(12) APOC 1



Brian in his diner single-handedly feeding an entire race of Bunnypeople.



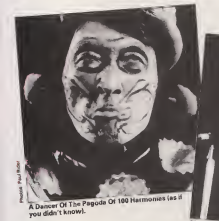
Les Pattinson just seconds before leading the group of cyclists the wrong way up a one-way street.



"Helpers" try to prove that man can live by bananas alone.



Mac and Lorraine board the Ferry across the Mersey.



A Dancer Of The Pagoda Of 100 Harmonies (as if you didn't know).



Mac looking "totally unself-conscious".

Check locally before stepping out. A Lisa Anthony production.

Depeche Mode: St. Austell Coliseum (September 27), Hoveley Victoria Hall (28), Liverpool Empire Theatre (29), Oxford Apollo (October 1), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (2), Dublin SFX (4, 5), Belfast Union Hall (6), Manchester Apollo (8), Gloucester Leisure Centre (9), Cardiff St. David's Hall (10), Birmingham Odeon (12), Blackburn King George's Hall (14), Glasgow Barrowlands (16), Aberdeen Capitol Theatre (17), Edinburgh Playhouse (18), Sheffield City Hall (19), Newcastle City Hall (20), Bristol Colston Hall (22), Brighton Dome (23), Portsmouth Guildhall (24), Ipswich Gaumont (27), Leicester De Montfort Hall (29), Southampton Gaumont (30), London Hazlemarsh Odeon (November 1, 2).

Womack & Womack (extra dates): Luton Pink Elephant (June 6), Brighton Dome (7), Southend Cliff Pavilion (9).

Imagination: Poole Arts Centre (June 1), Brighton Dome (2), Croydon Fairfield Halls (two shows) (3), Derby Assembly Rooms (4), Southport Theatre (5), Norwich Theatre Royal (6), Slough Fulcrum (7).



Thomas Dolby

Thomas Dolby: London Dominion Theatre (June 21, 22).

The Bluebells: Ayr Pavilion (May 25), Glasgow Queen Mary's College (26), Inverness Ice Rink (27), London Goldsmiths College (June 1), Brighton Pavilion (2), Slough Fulcrum Centre (3), Royleigh Pink Toothbrush (6), Aylesbury The Lair (7), Colchester Woods Leisure Centre (8), Bristol Romeo & Juliet (10), Birmingham Tower Ballroom 1, Guildford Civic Hall (12), London Electric Ballroom (14), Sheffield Top Rank (15), St. Albans City Hall (16), Norwich UEA (17), Nottingham Rock City (18), Manchester Hacienda (20), Newcastle Tidesays (21), Hall Spring Street Theatre (24), Derby Blue Note (25).

Fashion (revised dates): Glasgow Strathclyde University (June 16), Ayr Pavilion (17), Derby Assembly Rooms (18), Birmingham Odeon (20), Sheffield Polytechnic G22, Leicester University (23), Brighton Dome (25), Bristol Colston Hall (26), London Dominion (27), Ipswich Gaumont (28), Dunstable Queensway Hall (29 — replaces St. Albans show).

SIOUXSIE



STEVE SEVERIN

BUDGIE



ROBERT SMITH

SIOUXSIE

SIOUXSIE describes herself so: "Erratic in moods — either really stupid, really good or a real bitch". Maybe this explains why she's got bags of nicknames like *Planetism* (really), *Janetism* and *Wicked Witch Of The West*. She has "no partner" and reckons it's very anti-social to be in the Banshees. "I don't do anything outside the band," it seems she constantly gets offers of TV programmes, "shitty films" and modelling jobs, and takes great pleasure in turning them all down. "I could easily have played around in the quagmire of success. You wouldn't believe some of the offers — explaining how I do my make-up on TV," she growls. "God! And it really makes me mad when all these people come up and try to cheng-a ma — 'ooh you've had ya' hair like that for ages'. Bloody cheek!"

She lives alone in a "carpetless" basement flat — "Wooden and stone floors all over except for the carpet on the stairs that lead to nowhere."

"Shutters keep daylight out and "hands coming out of walls hold concealed lights".

She enjoys her time alone, and spends it reading and generally getting away from all the "hubbub". And presumably it's during these times she mulls over her rather eccentric world-view. For instance, her ambitions include: breaking glass with her voice, jumping off a high building and recording her voice on the way down.

She's what you might call "not very religious" and can't ever remember being christianed. And for "Hyeme" she's written songs about "greed and disease". She most certainly doesn't suffer fools gladly, but a lot of the time it seems she just gets a sort of perverse pleasure out of playing up to her "aggressive" and slightly sinister image. As Severin puts it, "contrary to all reports, she's lovely".

BANSHEES

PETER MARTIN TALKS TO ALL FOUR

Getting all four members of Siouxsie & The Banshees in the same place at the same time can be difficult. Their new LP, "Hyeme" (out in June) took eight months to record because they kept having to break off for things like: "brief trips to far-off places" (Israel, Europe); singles and LPs by The Glove and The Creatures; and, of course, Robert Smith's galavantings with his "project", The Cure. So it seemed about time we got them all together to, like, talk about life, their relationship with it, and even themselves. Here goes.

ROBERT SMITH

ROBERT SMITH has to be the whipping boy in the Banshees. He reckons it's because he's the "youngest member of the family. Then again it means I can get away with more," he says cheekily chewing on his gum. "I always quiz them on their motives. I'm the secret conscience they lost."

He reckons that Severin has a "complete lack of charm. He's deluded. He thinks he's Vincent Price's bastard son. He's also the most grumpy person I've ever met. Now I suppose it's about the time I say he's really got a heart of gold" (adopts sickly voice).

He finds Budgie more "mortal" than the rest. And Siouxsie, he reckons, "is a bit moody. Sometimes she can be as sweet as syrup... and just as sickly."

Robert's also the joker in the pack, and happiness depends on how many hours sleep he gets. "I need 16 to function, but on this tour I'm only getting about four."

Supposedly on the last Cure tour he took a lamb — a present from a fan — around with him in the back of the van. And recently he's just purchased a couple of animals for his brother's farm. "A fat pig — not for eating. The other one I think has died."

He lives "newfangled", on the move all the time. But his favourite place is his "big white bed" at his parents' home in Crawley. "It's in a big white room filled with books." His biggest influence of late is a book called *Malgosor* about insanity which he "relates to wholeheartedly". Unlike the others he's got a girlfriend (called Mary). "She's fab. My best friend. She's got black hair and very striking looks. In fact she looks like Betty Boop. When I'm with her I just all back and watch — I don't have to perform any more." The helpful soul he is, Robert tried to come up with the perfect ending for a Banshee interview. "I know. My ambition is World Peace, or to be responsible for the end of the world. What an ending."

STEVE SEVERIN

STEVE SEVERIN describes himself as the "grumpy" member of the Banshees. "I never wanted to be in a group to be a clown." Nevertheless he seems to be a particularly amiable type, with a calculated, dry sense of humour. He puts down their dark doom-laden image to the fact that they "wrap everything up in a strong sense of black humour... and that's usually overlooked." Along with Siouxsie — the other "grump" — he shares the honour of being "boss". "You can't forget the fact that Budgie joined a few years later and that Robert doesn't want to be seen as anything but guitarist."

He talks determinedly about the way the group have stuck to their original principles, "constantly striving to have our own way" — in fact he takes everything to do with music seriously — even *Top Of The Pops*. "Well it would be degrading standing there if you just pretended to be into it. I don't take anything not seriously." He even admits to being "disturbed" by "The Reflex" making it to number one.

"Bands who have no craft or pride like Duran and Culture Club just get the dooh. We get the pride, even though," he adds, with a very smile, "we wouldn't mind the dooh as well."

But then again, he says he never really thought of the Banshees in a pop context. "We don't try to be popular, we just are and we hope it stays like that. It's in that context we've been around for a long time."

"I mean bands like the Thompson Twins only last a couple of years — but there's never been a band like us before, so who knows where we'll go from here. I'm just sure that when it ends, it'll end in tears. A plane crash?" he muses, morbidly. "Whatever, it's just inconceivable that anything so emotive as this could end in something off the cuff."

BUDGIE

BUDGIE (real name Peter Clarke), they all agree, is the most easy-going Banshee. The only Northerner in the band, he's typically down-to-earth and the least prone to "bouts of flying off the handle".

Like the rest of them, he lives alone in London — "no partner" again — in a flat by the river. He describes it as very open-plan, with a little spiral staircase leading to a bed loft. There's also a sunken bath.

In his spare time he likes making, and drinking, cocktails. Severin reckons he can drink anyone under the table, "but not in a macho way." He doesn't brag about it.

At present he describes band relations as "ticky-boo. Better than ever since Robert joined." So what does he think of the rest of them?

"Robert's mad. His nickname's Fat Boy, but he looks so big half the time because he forgets to take his pyjamas off when he gets dressed. He's very oddfellowish. Sometimes we don't speak for a month, for some unknown reason, and then we bump into each other and have a month of conversations in one night."

Stava? "Beneath that cool exterior beats yet another crazed person." And Siouxsie? "She's tall, unpredictable, inspiring. Nice?... Yeah," he beams, as though in a state of sudden realisation.

"I find it really difficult talking about my best friends. I know it sounds mad but I haven't got any other friends (pretends to snicker). But everything I want to do, everything I want to get out of my system, I can vent in the band or off-shoots. And anyway, when you mix in ever increasing circles you tend to stick to the people closest to you.

"Basically," he adds, obviously feeling it's about time to say something strange, "we're just a mental family."

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES DAZZLE

The stars that shine
And the stars that shrink
In the face of stagnation
The water runs before your eyes

Swallowing diamonds and cutting throats
Your teeth when you grin
Reflecting beams on tombstones
A jamboree of surprises
Playing russian roulette or the lucky dip
A clenched fist to your heart
Coal dust on your lungs

Dazzle
It's a glittering prize
Dazzle
It's a glittering prize

A silver tongue for the shaven one
Heavy megrim in your side or a bloody thorn
Skating words on engel dust
In a Dead Sea of fluid mercury
Baby pieno cries
Under your heavy index end thumb
Pull some strings
Let them sing

The stars that shine
And the stars that shrink
In the face of stagnation
The water runs before your eyes

Dazzle
It's a glittering prize
Dazzle
It's a glittering prize

Before your eyes
The glittering prize

Words Siouxsie Music Siouxsie & The Banshees
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THE SMITHS HEAVEN KNOWS (I'M MISERABLE NOW)

I WAS HAPPY IN THE HAZE OF A DRUNKEN HOUR
BUT HEAVEN KNOWS I'M MISERABLE NOW
I WAS LOOKING FOR A JOB AND THEN I FOUND A JOB
AND HEAVEN KNOWS I'M MISERABLE NOW

IN MY LIFE WHY DO I GIVE VALUABLE TIME
TO PEOPLE WHO DON'T CARE IF I LIVE OR DIE

TWO LOVERS ENTWINED PASS ME BY
AND HEAVEN KNOWS I'M MISERABLE NOW
I WAS LOOKING FOR A JOB AND THEN I FOUND A JOB
AND HEAVEN KNOWS I'M MISERABLE NOW

IN MY LIFE OH WHY DO I GIVE VALUABLE TIME
TO PEOPLE WHO DON'T CARE IF I LIVE OR DIE

WHAT SHE ASKED OF ME AT THE END OF THE DAY
CALIGULA WOULD HAVE BLUSHED
OH YOU'VE BEEN IN THE HOUSE TOO LONG SHE SAID
AND I NATURALLY FLED

IN MY LIFE WHY DO I SMILE
AT PEOPLE WHO'D MUCH RATHER KICK IN THE EYE

I WAS HAPPY IN THE HAZE OF A DRUNKEN HOUR
BUT HEAVEN KNOWS I'M MISERABLE NOW
OH YOU'VE BEEN IN THE HOUSE TOO LONG SHE SAID
AND I NATURALLY FLED

IN MY LIFE OH WHY DO I GIVE VALUABLE TIME
TO PEOPLE WHO DON'T CARE IF I LIVE OR DIE

WORDS MORRISSEY MUSIC JOHNNY MARR
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The Style Council



OUR LIVES ARE IN OUR HANDS.



Dear **Black Type**,

If I send you my address will you send me a £10 record token? Tom Bailey's Ponytail.

No.

Please print this because it cost 12p to send it to you.

Thank you.
Boy George's Make-Up Box.

As long as you don't expect me to send you a £10 record token.

Dear **Black Type**,

Why don't you change your name? I mean, why be the **Black Type** when you could be **The Comma With Akes** or possibly **The Semi-Colon With A Cold** or even **The Question Mark With Bad Breath And Gooey Teeth**. The possibilities are endless.
A Pink Full Stop With Footache, Nottingham.

Oh that's very nice. How my public love me! Let me make this perfectly clear: 1. **The Black Type**, do not have gooey teeth, have shares in Listerine, and don't even know how to spell *ance*. 2. **It** missed to even be associated with the stall. **Going to sulk all day, now** (*Get on with it — Heartless Ed.*)

Why does Simon le Bon hurt twice in the middle of "The Reflex"? Was it that he'd just had a curry for dinner or was he commenting on the quality of the latest Duramie offering? Someone Who Thinks Mr le Bon is A Flatulent Warthog, Glasgow.

Ooooh! Back in the knife drawer, you're as bad as Helen Terry on Round Table the other week.
George Michael? "A man of many talents and none of the visible." **Excuse me, Been getting a lot of stick recently, old Duran Duran. One or two people still seem to like them though.**

A POEM FOR DURAN DURAN

They say that they've been taking drugs
In that paper run by mugs
They say that four get high on cocaine

And Roger only needs champagne
They even said that they smoked pot
Even Roger? Of course not
The Sun's idea of a joke?
Duran go crazy sniffing coke
They said girls queued to get in their rooms
This is a lie, they would have ZOOMED!

They called poor Simon a fat lump
When they went on to say that
Nick is gay
The girls they print while they're cway!
Anyway Duran Duran



LETTERS

Write to: Smash Hits Letters, 52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF. The best letter gets a £10 Record Token.

Hurry home whenever you can because we still love you, We're YOUR FANS!
Debbie Rhodes, London.

On this rather touchy subject, John Taylor rang the office last week, anxious to make a statement about the Sun's article. You can see what he said in *Mutterings*, page 5.

I am writing to complain about the way pop programmes and magazines incorrectly advertise their forthcoming features. For instance, last week on *Data Run* a woman stated that she was going to have breakfast with Duran Duran. This wasn't true. I waited all morning to see John Taylor (who I really like!) and when they actually arrived, only two members of the band were in sight — Nick Rhodes and Roger Taylor.

Another example of this is when some pop magazines announce "Next week — Culture Club". So you rush out to get the next issue, only to find that when they say "Culture Club", they mean an article on one member of the band and a solo pic. It would be much more informative if they said "Next week — Jon Moss, etc.". This really aggravates me!
Mandy Pearce, Uxbridge.

Point taken, Mandy. But often these things happen due to circumstances beyond anyone's control. You know, planes being delayed, Nick Rhodes not being able to find his shoe polish, that kind of thing. Sometimes it's just the magazine or programme pulling a last one, though.

In your Groups' Names feature (April 26) you asked "whatever happened to The Entire Crew Of The HMS Ark Royal?" Well, one of them is my brother and he now works in a chemist's shop and collects cars and motorbikes so

that he can pull them apart. One Of The Sisters Of One Of The Entire Crew Of The HMS Ark Royal, Cornwall.

So now we know.

I recently went into the large town near us to try and purchase the rather good record by a certain group called King. It's had a lot of airplay so, I thought, some shop must have it. I entered a well-known store and asked for the record. "No, sorry dear," was the answer. Similar replies came from another six shops. Having trekked another two miles, I eventually came to this rather obscure and out-of-the-way record shop. Again I asked and, again, the answer was "No". But then the little man said he could order it for me but he must've seen my glum, rejected face). So I took the chance and repeated the record name and other details for him. I then asked "How much?" The answer was "Oh, £3.50 please. £1.70 for the record and £1.50 for the ordering". Now how on earth could anyone expect someone who relies only on pocket money to pay this much for a 12 inch single? It's no wonder that these brilliant records remain so obscure. It's due to their unavailability and their cost.
K. Preatwick.

£1.50 for the ordering? I can't believe what I'm reading. You, K, have managed to bring a tear to the eye of the Black Type. Take this highly spendable £10 record token, but if I were you I'd find a new shop to spend it in.

Help. I like music so much, everywhere I go I sing. My mates don't like this so what should I do?
M. J.'s Glove, Somewhere.

Had a good think about this, Glove (a singing glove — imagine that!) and it seems to me you could a) stop

singing, b) get some new mates, or c) get a guitar, get yourself *The Breakfast Show* on Radio One and annoy absolutely millions of people instead. Oh, and speaking of what's-his-name...

Are my eyes deceiving me or has Tarzan (of *Greystoke* fame) really copied Mike Read's hairstyle? Someone Who Couldn't Think Of Anything Else To Write, Norfolk.



Greystoke: Tarzan of the Apes



Mike Read

Having studied the brilliant sticker album you recently supplied me with, do you realise that out of 144 pop stars, there are: Gemini (18), Cancer (18), Aquarius (16), Capricorn (14), Places (12), Taurus (12), Libra (12), Leo (11), Scorpio (10), Aries (9), Virgo (6) and Sagittarius (6). So I figure to make it in pop, your best bet is to be either a Gemini, Cancer, Aquarius or Capricorn person.
Nassi, Ramsgate.

Sounds like you've gone a bit soft in the head to me. You don't seem to be the only one, though...

Recently watching *Brookside* I counted how many cups of tea were made — 24. I think they should change the name to *Teaside*.
Cheryl Brailford, Halybridge.

See what I mean? And there's more to come.

When Duran Duran were on *Top Of The Pops* last week, I videotaped it and then counted how many times the camera zoomed in on each member of the band. The results are as follows: Simon — 15, Andy — 6, Roger — 5, John — 2, Nick — 1.

Now either the cameraman's

daughter loved Simon and hated John and Nick, or he plainly just didn't like the look of them. I know Simon is the lead singer but him getting more shots than the rest of the group put together is stupid. Let's have more close-ups of John and Nick next time please.

Andrea Lloyd, Barton Under Needwood.

Did ya notice on *TOTP* that two groups were prepared for bed? Belle & The Devotions were in their nappies and The Flying Pickets were in their pyjamas. I wonder if there is any connection as the theme for both of their songs is love.

David Sylvian's Bleach, Athlone, Eire.

The only connection that I can see is that both records send me straight to sleep (snigger).

I would like to make it quite clear that a round black thing with a hole in it is NOT A RECORD. It is a liquorice all-sort!

Demented Basses's Sweet Company Sales Representative, Bristol.

I've got 57458 pictures of Duran Duran. Do you think I sort of like them?

Duzanie Numero Uno.

Sounds like some sort of liquorice all-sort to me.

Please explain the joke about the round, black thing with the hole in the middle. I do not understand it.

Rick, Whitby.

I don't either, actually, but don't tell anyone.

Has anybody ever noticed that most of these pop stars, musicians, personalities, weirdos, etc., nearly all come from the same, unstable background, and have the same kind of childhood? This is a usual routine of the first half of their life:

1) As soon as they are born, they start to rebel against parents. For example, instead of playing with toys, cutting frogs' legs up is much more interesting.

2) On the second day of starting school, the old grey uniform is ripped up and replaced by any highly coloured clothing, dyed hair and face plastered with make-up. Individualism rules!

3) Teachers are tormented and this leads to being suspended or, even better, expelled.

4) Rows start at home and parents split up. This makes the individual stay out all night.

5) On staying out, the individual encounters the first tasting of alcohol, not to mention an interest in the opposite sex (or even the same sex).

6) Instead of going to school, they go down to the local

shopping centre to display their outrageousness, causing havoc with the little old ladies.

7) Finally, drop out and finish up at Art College where they 'get a band together'.

P. Harris, Wuxley.

Actually, I reckon most of them love their mothers, were real wots at school, never were anything more outrageous than a Greenfields lake lux-trimmed anorak before they joined a band and spent their entire time at art school painting pictures of vases of flowers. They just don't dare say so, that's all.

Here are our Top Twelve animals: 1) '39 Dead Baboons' — Nena; 2) 'Poison Sparrow' — U2; 3) 'I Will Swallow' — U2; 4) '18 Parrot Dove Affair' — Associates; 5) 'Piggy Stand' — David Cowie; 6) 'Thruash by The Seals Of Industry' — Heaven 17; 7) 'Monkey Town' — Lipps Inc.; 8) 'Sheep The Wild Wind' — Ultravox; 9) 'Donkey Tonk Woman' — Rolling Stones 10) 'The Mouse Of The Rising Sun' — The Animals; 11) 'Ram Rap' — Lamb; 12) 'You Snake Me Up' — Thompson Fins.

Yours dovingly,
Bono's Bulge and Adam Clayton's Brandy Bottle, Edinburgh.

Hmmm. Puts me in mind of that old Dawn classic "The A Yellow Gibbon Round The Old Oak Tree".



Bucks Fizz — we ask, are they really worse than Brotherhood Of Man?

Whilst flicking through the April 26 issue of your mag, I noticed an article on Eurovision by Tom Hibbert. "Hello," I thought, "this looks interesting" and I started to read it.

With all sincerity, I thought what he wrote was a load of drivel. Who does he think he is anyway? He obviously doesn't realise that good groups have come out of Eurovision. Not wanting to sound too much of a wimp, I must say he was grossly unfair to Bucks Fizz by calling them worse than Brotherhood Of Man. If he listened to any of their recent songs properly, he must realise that they've come a long way from their days in Eurovision and their goody-goody image.

Mike Nolan's Hair Gel, Essex.

The older lads seem to have enjoyed it though ...

It's amazing what you'll read when the telly's been at the menders for over a week. I was idly flicking through my 16 year old daughter's Smash Hits when I started reading Tom Hibbert's hilarious write-up on the Eurovision Song Contest. I laughed so much that the tears rolled down my cheeks and my daughter popped her head round the door to see if I was cracking up, having missed three episodes of Coronation Street. If you promise an article as funny as that every week, I'll actually fork out the 40p myself.

Frizzy Perm (Mrs A. Baden), Liverpool.

Dearest Peter Martin,

Forgot the battery for the dead aid, did we? Am, of course, referring to the scandalous review of "Hysteria", the stunningly brilliant new Human League LP. If you listened to the "coarcted crocodile tears ballad" "Louise" and heard Philip Oakey's comments on the song, you'd know it's totally unpersonal to any of the band and is just supposed to be a simple love song with a clichéd "photo-love" theme which comes across superbly! Their image has not "hardened" and "The Lebanon" is very much a one-off anyway. I must say it is a bit silly to review records when music is very much a personal taste type of thing (note all heavy records get slagged off because the reviewers are prejudiced against them) and nobody can say music is good or bad for anyone but themselves. Point taken?

An Angry Friend of The League No 1163, Norwich.

Peter Martin's dead aid never seems to be working. Spent all day asking him to go round the shops and get me a Lizzy Ribena and a KP Cheese Dip and he still hasn't done it yet. Just because he looks like Howard Jones he thinks he can get away with anything.

Did you know that there is no new moon on a Monday this year?

Ohservant D.D. fan, Ashted.

Of course I did.

Help! I like The Jam and Madness. A fortnight ago I went out in a mod coat and jam badges and I got kicked in by a load of skinheads. So a couple of days later I went out in tight jeans, dockers and a skinhead haircut. I got kicked in by a load of mods. A couple of days ago I went out in a mod coat with Madness badges on it (it still had a skinhead) and a group of skins and mods kicked me in. What do I do?

A Natty Boy, Sheffield.

Stay in bed and keep still, that's my advice.

I would just like to say how unfair I think it is that we people in Northern Ireland are supposed to be British when we are not treated the same as British people in England. What I mean is, when bands go on tour they do about ten gigs in England and, maybe, one or two in Scotland and Wales. Almost all bands totally miss out Northern Ireland.

Believe it or not, we all buy records here and support bands and buy Smash Hits. Why not show us a little bit of consideration and stop starving us of live music?

Steve Wright's Only Fan, Derry.

Dear Andy McCluskey,

Do pardon me, Mac, but I have to put the record straight re: Japanese food obsession (April 26). Having lived in Japan for five years, I also adore such delicacies and I eat the names. Sushi is the seaweed rolls with rice etc, and the actual dried seaweed is called *Sushi Nori*. The raw fish etc is called *Sushima*. Incidentally, where did you get *Kappa Maki* from? Perhaps you could come round one day and we could make some *Sushi* together ...

Gaynor De Wit, South Wirral.

Can't understand how you people can stomach all this raw fish and stuff, actually. A prawn cocktail is more than I can manage.

Dear Black Type,

If you're male, into The Coteaux Twins and have long hair down your back, or even female, in to The Coteaux Twins and wear Y-fronts, then add 50 points to your street credibility.

Tim Ratcliffe, Copwinton.

I would have thought if you were Y-fronts you'd have to knock a few points off, actually.

Don't you think that OMD's "Locomotion" sounds incredibly like that old classic from somebody or other that went "Hey fatty hum hum/Sweet sugar dumping/Hey fatty hum hum/Let me tell you something"? Well, I do.

Unlikely Record Token Winner, Nottingham.

P.S. What do you call a woman balancing a crate of glasses in one hand and making a clay mug in the other? Beer Tricks Trotter.

Not bad. What do you call a woman with slates on her head? Ruth. No? Then how about: what do you call a woman who sets fire to all her bills? Berna-debt.

Please help! I think I'm in love with the gasfire. Does this mean I'm heterosexual? Confused (but very warm), *Farningham.*

I'm sorry, but that's about all I can take.

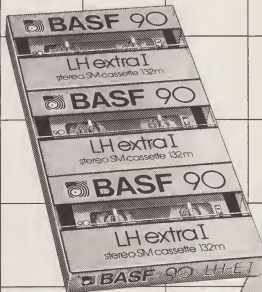
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MAJOR TOM (COMING HOME)

Standing there alone
The ship is waiting
All systems are go
Are you sure?
Control is not convinced
But the computer
Has the evidence
No need to abort
The countdown starts

Watching in a trance
The crew is certain
Nothing left to chance
All is working
Trying to relax
Up in the capsule
Send me up a drink
Jokes Major Tom
The count goes on
4-3-2-1 ...

Chorus
Earth below us
Drifting felling
Floating weightless
Ceiling ceiling home

Second stage is cut
We're now in orbit
Stabilizers up
Running perfect
Starting to collect
Requesting data
What will it affect
When all is done?
Thinks Major Tom



PETER SCHILLING

Beck et Ground Control
There is a problem
Go to rockets full
Not responding
Hello Major Tom
Are you receiving?
Turn the thrusters on
We're standing by
There's no reply
4-3-2-1 ...

Repeat chorus

Across the stratosphere
A final message
Gives my wife my love
Then nothing more

Far beneath the ship
The world is mourning
They don't realise
He's alive
No one understands
But Major Tom sees
Now the light commends
This is my home
I'm coming home

Repeat chorus to fade

Words Lodge Music Schilling
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On WEA Records

I say, Mater, could you enlighten me
es to the contents of next fortnight's
super **Smash Hits**?

*Grunt grunt oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo,
aaah, aaah, aaah, aaah!*

No thank you, Mater, I really couldn't
manage another banana. I was just
wondering who, exactly, I might
expect to find in the forthcoming issue
of the jungle's brightest pop
magazine.

*Oo-oo, snort, aaah aaah aaah. Grunt
woah yeah oh baby snort.*

But of course, dear Mummy, **Smash
Hits** always has the very latest song
lyrics. Lots of colour too. But precisely
which pop stars will be featured next
time, pray?

Snort.

Oh, go on, be a sport.

*Grunt grunt grunt. Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo,
aaah-aaah indestructibu-u-u-ill,
snort.*

Oh I say, jolly good. I absolutely love
SPANDAU BALLET. Who else,
perchance?

*Gru-gru-grunt, oo-oo aaah, grunt
relax snort. Babba-doo, babba-doo,
babba-doo doo doo he-e-ey yeah,
aaah oo-oo.*

Good heavens, you mean an open air
concert featuring both **FRANKIE GOES
TO HOLLYWOOD** and **HELEN TERRY**?

*Ooo-ooo, grunt Michael Caine, snort
Aaaah, oo-oo, wouldn't it be oo-oo,
snort.*

Really? **MADNESS** and **NIK KERSHAW**
are on too. How perfectly wonderful. I
can hardly wait until June 7.



ON SALE JUNE 7

SMASH HITS

KING OF THE JUNGLE



SMASH HITS ■ TOM BAILEY

PHOTO: D. LEVINE